

NUGGET

ENTERTAINMENT
IN A LIGHTER MOOD



OCTOBER, 1956

Fifty Cents

A TREASURY OF GREAT BATHING SCENES
DE DIENES • HOLMES • WOLFE • HUNTER • ALGREN
THE SUNNIER SIDE OF ROME

ENTERTAINMENT



SEPTEMBER 1998

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In the Hollywood jungle, competition among starlets for parts and attention is a constant tooth-and-talon melee. But *Cover* Girl Marla English has won both recently just by being her exotic-looking self and by having talent, a commodity scarce in the biz. For more (at last) on Marla, see page 50.



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11/11/2016

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[illegible][illegible]

With a heave she tipped him over, his
legs churning like an overboarded beetle's



happy standing up

by Bernard Wolfe

TWO things set Bill Jordan off from the general run of men, and even further from the specific run of cowboys. He cried a lot, and he had a tendency to get migraine headaches.

Few people, of course, knew exactly why Bill cried so easily. The top M-U-K executives were in on it, but they were sworn to secrecy. They had had no inkling of Bill's peculiarity when one of their talent scouts spotted him in a cashup's uniform at a drive-in restaurant, liked his high pockets and cigarette cheeks and Yule-lark patina, and brought him in for a screen test. The minute he climbed on a horse, he sobbed like a baby. When the script called for a sad note, he was great, the team gushed. But when he was supposed to be happy, things going fine, great day in the morning, the team still gushed. The director tried to explain: there was nothing inherently tragic about being on a horse, it depended on a man's mood when he mounted the horse, sometimes he could be sad, sometimes he could be happy. Bill sobbed, to get the point immediately. But the moment his foot hit the stirrup, he began to howl. The mere process of mounting Old Paint seemed to break his heart. Why, he couldn't say.

Psychologists who were called in couldn't find the answer. A battery of medical men was consulted, to no avail. Until one day a strategist, a student of the humanities, made some almighty runs on the skin of Bill's bony back. "It's not by-stress, gentlemen!" the blood-reaction man said. "It's autism! This young man has a specific allergy to horses—human and nothing else!" At first the M-U-K executives were appalled to learn that the problem was not passion but hypersensitivity. But then they got hold of themselves and began to think. What were neurologists, a bunch of almighty experts? From the outside, an authentic looker like Oedipus, go see somebody. On the other hand, it had to be fixed: a cowpoke with real dimensions, sometimes he had to weep in the saddle and sometimes laugh—he couldn't be weeping all the time.

"No problem," said a brisk vice-president. "When we went editing and Oedipus roared, we put the kid on a horse. When we want grins and jokes and the happy-go-lucky note, we keep him away from the horses. So he's only happy standing up. That's bad?"

They were out of the woods. The first picture was made—"Agony in the Saddle," described on the billboards as a Sophoclean passion play of the bullheads, tragedy in six acts—and it was a box-office smash. Overnight Bill became a national hero. Bill Jordan Pan Chien sprang up in all the headline strips, his picture was on the covers of Time, and one little magazine suggested that, in playing the role as a cattle impersonator, Bill was the first minimalist cowboy. But his migraines wouldn't go away.

Before he became a movie star, Bill had never had a headache. But then, he had never had a girl, either. Now that he was famous and began to have money, Bill found he was developing a big interest in girls. More specifically, after he had his first one, he found that he needed a lot of them, and regularly. The wife he acquired along the way didn't count, because she claimed to have a bad accident which might be permanently damaged by any unusual activity. If he went for more than 48 hours without a girl, then, as regular as clockwork, he got what he called "a spinning migraine in the head." For this reason, he had to send a lot of wires to various friends before he went on a trip anywhere. For this reason, too, the Broadway columnist, Henry O. Hiss, had given Bill the not too flattering nickname of *Don Coyote*.

Bill ran up very large bills with Western Union before each of his trips. It was because he hated to get those migraine headaches. Migraine had a tendency to make him cry even more than horses did.

That Friday, early in the afternoon, the Broadway press agent Mort Koblitz got a telegram from Bill Jordan. It read as follows: "SADDLING OLD PAINT AND HITTING THE TRAIN FOR THOSE EASTERN RAILROADS POONHUI ON WAY TO PARIS TO MAKE SOME PIX. WEARING BEST SILVER SPURS FOR LAST ROUNDUP WHICH SHOULD BE BLONDE BUT NOT PLATINUM AND PLENTY STACKED AND WILLING. CONTACT ME AT USUAL HOTEL LATE TONIGHT. HOW THEY HANGING. DON COYOTE."

When the wire came, Mort was still in bed. It upset him so that he couldn't get back to sleep, though it was only 1:30. Ignoring the green-moldy taste in his mouth, he lit a cigar and lit those newspapers, getting a green-moldy taste. He like to be unaccommodating to Bill because Bill paid for each accommodation at the rate of 50 cigar men and up, and Mort was just over in a financial bind where he could use even two, crisp or not. But he was also in a type of combat bind. Right then, he was short of contacts. Matter of fact, at that particular moment, he only had one girl client, a TV bit actress named Betty Hagdon. Betty was blonde, not platinum. But she was also a slinky virgin. Nothing in her head, fat nose, but regular and round snugs and figure-right in the Radio City skating rink.

"Betty Hagdon," Mort said contemptuously to the spaced ceiling. "All over rompers. A no-pot green cheese. Man he'd be Jack the Ripper with that mouth—shep don't call him Don Coyote for nothing."

He thought some more. He lit another cigar and made a
(Continued on page 47)



one

hell of a

BALL!





SINCE the days of the Romans, all-time champions at the art of throwing the high-spirited, long-distance binges, the world's liveliest parties have been traditionally frequented by art students whose appreciation of color and un-inhibited temperaments often provide new dimensions to merriment. This year's bachelors of the New York Art Students' League advanced the tradition. Confining themselves around a Mabo-pagan theme and with Shirley Jones as Juliet (the left) the reigning Queen, the young painters and their models came out, posed and posed for photographers, then quickly got on the business of crowding all the fun they could into a tumultuous, Bacchanalian night.



On the scene sketches by Louis Piroille





There were Romeo and Aurochs, Falstaffs and Peters, Ophelias, Violas, and, of course, the Ladies Macbeths. For a festive while the whole rich tapestry of the Bard's imagination paraded and danced around the ballroom of the midtown hotel like some revised midsummer night's nightmare. As refreshments waned and self-consciousness waned, most of the people at the party forgot their masquerades and started to be themselves. By 2 a.m., every man was on his own.







Louder and louder the party roared,
 and later and later. There were riffs
 and flurries here, stolen kisses there,
 and creeping, seductive everywhere.
 By 4 a.m. they were going home, or
 on to later and wilder revels—some
 together, some with partners they
 didn't arrive with, some alone, and a
 few aware that they were leaving.
 The three witches from MACBETH
 had stirred their bubbling cauldron
 and out of it had come one of the
 frekiest parties New York, or any
 other town, had seen in years. Amid
 the dawn and the debris there was lit-
 tle left—a weary Cassia, a Memphis-
 centric model—but even through the
 hangovers almost everyone admitted
 it had been one hell of a ball.



SIN TOWER

No one ever looked as afraid as Amy did when she started to run toward the tower.

by Michael Phillips

WE'D been clear out to the cemetery and we'd climbed the hill and now it was getting dark—to remind to her, it had been gray since morning, and wet—but Amy had that look. She said, "Josh," in her quiet way, and I knew what she wanted to do.

I said, "Let's go home."

She shook her head. We were on the road that goes by the Lindemann farm, six miles from town and a mile from the river. Across the fence you could see the brush that went all the way to the bank, thick wild raspberry bushes and dogwoods and grass as high as your waist. Amy was smiling and looking that way.

"It's late," I said.

"No it isn't," she said, and shook her head again. "Josh, listen."

I did, but there wasn't anything to listen to. The cows were home, silent, it seemed like, and there was no wind to speak of.

"Do you hear it?" she said.

"No," I said. "Hear what?"

But I knew. One time up in the attic of my folks' place when it was raining and she'd been sitting at the window for I can't remember how long—hours—she pulled the same trick. I asked her then what she thought the heard and she said she heard the grass drinking.

I squirmed the hairs on my back, hard, and said, "Amy, come on, let's go home." But she didn't answer at all, so I moved to tell her where I was.

"It's the river," she said, finally, in a whisper.

I got worried around then and pedaled a few feet and stopped. "Amy, listen, it's all soaking wet and muddy down there and you've got on a good dress."

She moved her head and looked at me. Sometimes she gave me this look. "I want to see Lindemann," she said.

I wasn't surprised. It had been in her mind all day and that was why we were here, on this road.

"What makes you think he's home? He could be anywhere."

"He's there," she said, "and you don't want to go because you're afraid of him."

"That's a lie," I said, but it wasn't, exactly. Lindemann always had made me a little afraid. Like the way you'd be afraid of a wild animal that's behind bars and can't get at you only sometimes its eyes have your way. But I wasn't the only one. Whether they'd think it or not, most of the people in town were at least nervous of him. He was Indian—old and almost helpless, but there was something about him that wasn't right. Not just the ragged clothes he wore, or the smell of him, or the way he held off following you around, working, even; it was just something.

Amy said, "I can't see Lindemann, anyway. I want to go down to the river." I could tell she was lying.

"Goddam it, Amy, I'm not going."

Her face relaxed. "Then you wait for me, Josh." She didn't look like a fourteen-year-old girl at all, but more like a woman who'd gotten her way in spite of everything. I didn't know what to say. I only knew that it had all gone the way she wanted. It didn't give me much choice.

"Fine," I yelled. "But you go down there and I'll let you pick me."

"Please wait for me."

I wondered what to do. There wasn't anything actually wrong with going to the river, of course. Only, I was scared. I remembered seeing Lindemann just that morning and the thought of it sent a little chill down my back. He'd been watching one of the railroad men run a pack of hounds out of the jungle, standing there to himself on the other side of the tracks, darker than any of the house, watching. Later on when I was running back from the grocery store I saw him again. This time he had found one of those great big rocks of his and he was pulling it down the road. They all looked the same, ordinary rocks, so you could never tell unless you went down to the river which ones they were for. Now I guessed it was for him, because the railroad man had been sort of angry. I didn't know, though; Lindemann had his own ideas on the subject.

That was about all he ever did, run—hang around town and study you. My uncle Bud remembered to me, on Lindemann's two towers there on the sand, that the old man simply had a Jewish complex, in addition to being crazy as a squirrel, and was to be pitied. But somehow that didn't come to say. Not to me, anyway. Or to anybody, for that matter, except Amy. . . . And she pitied just about everything that wasn't quite right. Dogs, cats, snakes, it didn't matter.

I told her, though. All the people, up to and including her father, who was all she had, thought she was queer, and I did, too, a little—but I liked her. At least I did when she was what you could call normal and I was with her then and could listen to her voice. It was the softest voice I'd ever heard, and her eyes were the biggest.

I guess I felt sorry for her because of her father. He was a politician or something. I don't know exactly what, but they say he wasn't exactly honest and it's certain he was blood-mess. To Amy especially. I don't care how queer she was, he didn't have any business keeping her shut up for days at a time like he did. Everybody talked about it.

Berkman must have dragged a hundred stones down to the river on that score alone—but that doesn't prove anything. According to him, my gagging up a lot of kittens, like I did once, and throwing them in the stew was sinful. I got a regular boulder for that.

But Amy wasn't scared of Berkman at all. Even though he reeked something fierce, she'd run after him on the street and walked with him as far as Five Points; and sometimes she'd help him lag out of his damn socks. That was

a picture. It made me feel awful, just like I'd feel when she'd start on one of her peculiar talking sprees. We'd be riding along or coming back from school or something and all of a sudden she'd start. What did I suppose that dog dreamed about when they were asleep? Did I think there were really people on the moon? How long did a tree live? I never knew what to say, but getting mad at Amy and not seeing her was even worse than putting up with her, so I invented answers. It didn't make much difference, because she never



listened to me, anyway.

I think it was the funny way she made me want to sort of look out for her that kept us going together. It's what my Uncle Reed called "superstupid" all right, since she had more courage than any two grown men; but at the same time you felt that if you let her go, she'd just blow away, or break.

That's why I was so mad when she went down to the river by herself. I wanted her drop her bicycle and go into the bushes without even so much as a look back to my direction, and I sat there, scared and mad.

Finally I decided I'd better go after her.

I rode as far as I could on the bike and laid it next to her. Then I went into the brush. The quiet got heavier, all soaked and heavy, now. Most of the wet was dew and whatever rain and there wasn't a wind to start it dripping, so it just hung there. With some sun it would have been pretty. Amy and I had gone down to one of the sandbars a few weeks back and then it was sunshine and the compass the water drops on the beach to diamonds and the spider webs in strands of jewelry, which was all right; they did look like that a little; but then she got the idea we were surrounded by chandeliers and you couldn't stop her alive that.

Now I was close enough to hear the river, but it was a soft kind of sound that you had to hang on to, and I know Amy couldn't have heard it from all the way out to the road. I went the only way you could, trying not to make any noise, for about a hundred feet. The brush thinned out a bit and I could see the edge of the area below. Then, because I was nervous, I walked faster, right to the rim.

The first thing I saw was Beckman's houseboat. It was exactly like an old woodshed, without any windows or anything, and square as a box.

I looked for Beckman. Why it was, I can't say, but I began to dislike him. He was the cause of a lot of what was wrong with Amy, after all. Every time she saw him she'd start in with the silly things, every time, right afterwards. Then it wouldn't be the same; I'd be a stranger.

They weren't anywhere on the sand. Over to the right, almost directly down, were the towers. Side by side.

They'd grown quite a lot since I'd seen them last, which was a long time ago when a bunch of us kids did it on a dare. Now they looked like regular fortresses or castles—or, at least, the one on the left did. That was Beckman's Sin Tower. It went up the fifteen feet or more, and the weight of all those rocks had pushed the bottom foundation rocks clear into the sand until you could just barely see the tops of them. How he managed to get anything up there is a question that I couldn't begin to answer, because these were masses of all different sizes, one flat or anything, and they were just piled up, one on top of the other. I know he didn't have a derrick or the right equipment, and I couldn't see where he could lean a ladder against that stack because it looked like a deep beach would topple the whole thing over.

The Sin Tower was leaning, I saw, to the left. Below it, about a third as big, was the other one, the Tower of Good. It was a scowly looking thing. Not even a tower, exactly. I thought, by God, it's pretty clear what Beckman thinks of our town, all right.

The wet soaked clear through to my chest and I got up. Just as I did, I heard a laugh, and I knew it was Amy. You couldn't mistake a thing like Amy's laugh.

It was coming from inside the houseboat.

I reared and clanked down the side of the outway. When I jumped, I didn't stop to think what I was going to say or do but walked catty corner around the towers, where I

couldn't be seen from the door, which was open, and walked until I heard good.

Amy's voice was going, it sounded said. "I could get it from Daddy," she was saying. "He carries an awful lot of money in his pockets and I could get it all."

The next voice was Beckman's. All dry and squeaky, like kindling snapping across somebody's knee a mile off. Nobody had ever heard him talk that I knew of; Uncle Reed had figured he was dumb. "It won't do," he said.

"Why not?" Amy said.

"Because, now, it wouldn't, just so."

"I don't care," Amy said. "We could go clear to where over the river ends and then into the ocean and maybe fish. I bet you didn't know the Earth is practically all water!"

Beckman did something, I guess; I bit off a slice of finger skin. It was the kind of sound that people with no teeth make, a lot of us going to and fro.

I edged clear and scratched down to see in without them seeing me.

"Amy, now—"

"You don't want to go away."

"Can't."

"Can, too. Beckman, we could sail all over, just so, and nobody to poke fun. Sleep all day and stay up nights, if we were of a mind, and catch flying fish for food." Her voice got that well-it's-all-right tone. "I'll get the money from Daddy and you'll buy the boat and we'll go."

I could see now. Beckman was sitting on the floor of the shack, cross-legged. There was dirt everywhere. His clothes seemed to have all melted from sweat and years and glued together; and looking at them, you couldn't imagine that they had once been ordinary clothes in a store window. His beard was even whiter than usual, shabby white, like a fat mother's coat. It was close looking, and the only thing connected with him that was, too. His face was all grooved and etched and streaked with grime, eyes night-dark and hard as marbles.

"Go work to do," he said, after a while. "You oughtn't to sit at home."

Amy was leaning against the wall, her hands behind her. The difference between them was something to see! Her truck had died so it looked as fresh and clean as it had in the early morning, her hair fell down over her shoulders like cornsilk, so fair and gold as that, and she was staring down at her feet.

Beckman said he had to stay and build the towers because he had been commanded to by God Almighty, and when God Almighty commands you to do something, you can't turn your back.

Amy didn't say a word. She was sad and disappointed, I could tell, and hurt.

Beckman said, "Go on home, now. You oughtn't to come here."

What Amy said then made me catch fire inside. She said, "I had to. No one else understands." She said, "Just you, Beckman. We're the same. They don't have any use for us, and they laugh, but—I know. When the wind sings you hear it, I know you do."

He sat there.

"And you know all the rest I do, too. I found out that the river is a woman, but that wasn't news to you, and even if you can't understand them, you hear the birds truly talking to each other. Don't you?"

He sighed. Then he said, "You're crazy," and stopped.

"Get home," he said.

Amy's voice trembled. "I don't want to," she said. "I'm

(Continued on page 12)

the BAT

by Herbert Gold

He was not much of a bat chaser
but a champ at settling arguments



HE heard his wife's voice from deep in first sleep. "Get up and kill it," she was saying.
"What?" His own voice smothered and hoarse-tongued, shocked him awake. "Kill it? Who?"
"You mean what? There's a bat in this room. I'm afraid. Get out of bed and kill it."

She was right about a scrawled scuffling, then a flop-flopping against the high ceiling, but the squandering was more that of a wife than a wife. Again the thick membrane throat against the wall and squealed. "Where is it?" he said.

"All over, how should I know? Stop talking and kill him." Now she had made the mistake: "O. Take a newspaper." He switched on the lamp at their bed. The light agitated the creature. Frantically it went whirling this way and that across the room. He headed for the bathroom.

"Can't you wait?" she demanded.

"You're wrong, I just wanted to get a towel."

"What's the matter with a newspaper?"

When he returned with the towel she was propped up in bed with her eyes wide and pleased and her hands clenching the sheet high at her throat. Her hair was freely combed, happily massed. They must have just fallen asleep. She had her little manner of pretty head-ruckings toward the bat. "While you were chasing a towel from our collection, honey, the bat would have had time—would have had time—" She caught her breath without finishing.

"Bats don't do anything," he said, watching the wide-winged creature, black and jittery, thrash against a corner. "Not even suck your blood, honey. They don't. Only in the movies."

"You don't care how I feel," she murmured, pointing bitterly. She pulled the sheet right under her chin and made her eyes round at him.

The doll-body stare disturbed him. He had been ready to climb onto a chair to swing at the bat with the towel, but he was suddenly ashamed of his indecision (it was September and very warm) and so instead he put the towel around himself.

His wife began to laugh under the high-held sheets. She giggled when she laughed like this. When you liked her it was an absolute movement, but he didn't exactly like her just now. "Why are you laughing?"

"Well, you *did* look funny. Tell you why, honey—you skinny for a naked bat-buster."

He climbed hastily into a pair of pajama bottoms. She studied his hairy thighs.

"The bat is still there," she said. "No, there. Kill it for me, honey."

It fluttered just the lamp, its shadow flickered huge across

the wall. Once, as a child, he would have been afraid of it. Now he was afraid only of his wife. It had black wings and blacker veiny striations on the long, irregularly pointed spread of them. He imagined the cat's body beneath the wings, but could not see it: enough as wet fur, dark and secret, full of blood, but he could not see it. It clung at the ceiling.

His wife was laughing.

"Now what?"

She held the sheet about her full, over-full body and said: "Now what good does it do to just stand there and stare at the beast? Are you going to fly up to the ceiling

if you look hard enough?"

He felt better in pajamas. Odd how his wife's pettiness sometimes annoyed him. Odd also how unasserted she seemed. "Look, Helen," he explained, "I'm figuring how to reach it. It's high. As high as it sticks at the ceiling—"

"Sam! There it goes. Now you missed it again."

"Okay, okay, honey."

"If a girl can't count on her own husband . . . There!"

It fluttered across the room and Sam Deacon jumped after it, grunting, flailing the newspaper. He scrambled against a low bench in front of her vanity and snatched his big toe. He yelped with pain.

"What's the matter, darling?" his wife asked. "Cramps?" He sat on the bed and tried to blow on his foot. "Hit your knee or something? The toe?" She chuckled crossly. "Good thing you weren't wearing your bat shoes—would've really smacked them. Please kill the monster for me, Sam."

"I think I broke the nail. It's bleeding a little."

"Be careful it doesn't ingrow, honey. Hi-vee, Sam, you're trying to get me to finger about the bat."

"All right, all right." He crouched in the night-time room, stooping a winged thing while the world and the suburb slept. He climbed onto the bed. The springs jiggled and his wife said:

"Oh, honey, do you have to?"

The bat fluttered by. He crouched. The bat folded its wings against the ceiling above him. He jumped.

There was a wet sailing noise. The creature fell whispering against the floor and lay like dust in the corner. It was only dark now. Helen was down off the bed to look at it before he was. She bent over it, her slip body pink and dangled through the negligee. She bent and he stood behind her. The dried newspaper hung from his hand. She giggled.

"What's the matter?"

She laughed from deep in her throat and turned, cute and small beside him without boots. She ran like a pleased child and barreled into bed among the pillows, her breasts pink and peeping in happy motion. She was laughing with an enormous self-pleasure.

"What is it, Helen? You must tell me."

"Look, it's not a bat at all! It was fooled by the shadow. You were close enough to see—why didn't you? It's just an overgrown moth, that's all. Nothing at all, honey?"

"Yes, of course," he said thoughtfully.

"Why didn't you see, big man? Why don't you see now?"

"You told me it was a bat," he said. He lifted the newspaper, still dotted from the crushed wings, squeaked it lovingly, and slapped her full and wet on the mouth. "Therefore it's a bat," he said to the huge surprised fure of her.

CONSIDER that it was just a clock of a Monday afternoon, and under the dilapidated-glass shade (just the sort of shade you can mostly pulled down over the windows of cheap hotels fronting the dusty streets of American cities where the huffed and the dandies laze and shift their feet), under this one shade, in the window of a building off Third Street on Eighth Avenue in New York, the warm September sun stretched its old finger to touch the dark, frictionless lids of Walden Blue, causing him to stir among sheets a work of drowsiness lying down and twilight going up had crumpled.

Walden Blue always came awake like a child, without struggle or grimace, relinquishing sleep in accordance with the trace he long ago had washed out with it. He came awake with a yawn start, first dissolving as the world was rolled around him, unchanged for his absence. His lip without moving, as a man used to waking beside the bodies of women will move most often either toward them or away, depending on his dream; lay, letting his water-cracked ceiling remind him (as it always did) of the galleries of stables made back home where he would muddy his bare black feet where a child, and where, one shimmering-cold noon, he had stood and watched a goat, lumbering bullock caress toward him and become a Gadlingful of wild moon-soiled city boys, pumaded, goasted, spending laborious pints, ringing, and shouting crazily at everything: "Dig the fellow-iney! Dig the cotton leaf! Dig the life here!"; to bump past him, gaze faced there in the rain, splashing mud over his go-to-sleeping breeches, and plunging on around the head of scrabblers where he once mused over an ash-hill in the empty Arkansas dunes—for all like some gaudy, red-saucy curvess of gypsies, creating a wake of rumor and head-shaking through the countryside.

Walden Blue did long legs off the bed, and for a moment of waking reflection—that first moment which in its limpid, almost idiotic clarity is nearly the closest human beings come to glimpsing the dimensions of their consciousness—he considered the polished keys, and the outspread neck of the brass saxophone which, two years before, had cost him \$1.14 on Ninth Avenue, becoming his after an hour of careful scales and haggling, and the gradual ease which comes to a man's fingers when they lose their natural suspicion of an instrument as a machine which is not their own, but must be made to respond like some slavey, indifferent horse, not reluctant to being owned but simply beautiful in its blindest ignorance of ownership. For on this saxophone Walden Blue made music as others might have made love, a kind of fugue on any bed: Walden made music as a business, innocent (because love of it was what kept him alive), just what others might mean by "their business," implying as that did some sacrifice of most that was skilled and all that was free in them, he considered his saxophone, in this first moment of waking, without pleasure or distaste, noting it with the moonly, half-faded stare of a man at the tool he has spent much time, sweat and worry to master, but only so that he can use it.

Looking at it, he knew it also to be an emblem of inner life of his own, something with which he could stand upright, at the then and scope of his powers—as others consider a physical feat an indication of manhood, and, still where, a wound; to Walden the saxophone was, at once, his key to the world in which (always like some wild, shaggy stranger) he found himself; and also the way by which that world was rendered impotent to brand him either failure or madman or Negro or white. But then sometimes, on the sticky strand between solos, he hung it from his swinging shoulder like one bright, golden ring, and waited

the HORN

As he finished their fatal chores, he got a look, a look which had a future in it.

By Clifton Holmes



for his turn.

"Yes, there," he said to himself reproachfully, dangling his feet in an imaginary hook, for it was sitting down—often, which meant the afternoon was slipping by, and so he got up, stretching himself with the telephonic growl some musicians give to any moment, and went about collecting.

That morning—less or five at least, up at Blanton's on 124th Street where, in the back, and after hours, they served coffee and the musicians gathered to listen at play or talk that shop-talk without which any profession in America would be starving to Americans—Edgar Pool had been invited to sit in with the house-group (nothing more than rhythm upon which visitors could build their dances), and, as everyone turned to him in the dark, long-silenced room, giving him that respectful attention due an aging, original man whom all had followed in the hot enthusiasm of youth, something had happened. And now Walden remembered.

There are men who stir the imagination deeply and un-



comfortably, around when visit unpleasant discomfort, even self-damaged by differences; and Edgar Paul was one of these. Once an obscure tenor in a brace of road-bands, now only memories to those who had heard their crude, up-tempo riffs, and managed neither to remember nor forget (they only remember the fading labels of a few records, and those nearly lost, some legendary already, one or two still to be run across in the bins of second-hand jazz record stores, along South Avenue), Edgar Paul emerged from an undistinguished and uncertain musical environment by word-of-mouth. One night in a cultured bar in Cincinnati where the gangster came to drink their pay with their dusky, wordless girls, he sat under his large-brimmed hat and blew forty choruses of "I Got Rhythm," without pause, or falter, or repetition. Such things are bound to get around, and when Walden met him a year later (on another night at Blanton's) the younger tenor had started to dub him "The Horn," though never (at that time) to his face.

Edgar Paul blew methodically, eyes steady and open, and

he held his long saxophone almost horizontally extended from his mouth. This unusual posture gave it the look of some metallic albatross, caught insecurely in his two hands, struggling to resume flight. In those early days, he never brought it down to earth, but followed after its isolated passage over all manner of American cities, taring it rightly, tattering his drooping, rosy lips to its cruel break and tugging the song. It had a singularly human sound—deep, throaty, often brutal with a power still could not cage, an almost lay twist on the pleasantly strange, deformed melody. When he swung with croaky confidence, shuffling his feet instead of dancing, even playing down to the crowd with scornful eyes averted, they would hear a wild goose hawk beneath his tone—the noise, sometimes, of the human body; superbly, naturally vulgar; right for the tempo. And then out of the smearing notes, a sudden shy trill would slip, infinitely vital and innovative.

But time and much music and going alone through the American night had weakened the bird. Over the years,

during which he disappeared and then turned up, blowing here and there; during which, too late, a new and restless generation of young men (up from the shadowed depths and shudders like Walden, or clawed out of the tangled blue-herms and the back-alley gangs) discovered in his music something new and unnameable—not the sound, but some answer toward it, some touchstone—over the years, when he was young and got to fat, which found him more uncommunicative and unyielding of that steady parade of sugar plums and dreamers which had past behind him, the born come down.

Walden felt Edgar Poe's threaded through life like a fine black strand of fate, and something always happened. When he first heard him in the flesh—sometime back in 1912, in the dead-end of war, after learning those few words by heart, after hearing his own beginnings in "Britannia" Lightfoot's big band that came in with a smashing engagement in Boston, wrapped in publicity and champagne parties (because Lightfoot was, after all, the Demo of Jazz, the rallying from New Orleans cut-bones eventually modeled by the governments of France and Belgium for "goodwill" spread on a jazz trumpet), one which went out six months later, a financial bubble, when the trumpet section grumpily settled in the Navy and most of the music was arrested on national charges; after this, after making to leave Edgar, missing him in L.A. by a lost bus connection, getting hung-up in Chicago right after Edgar took up with Gertrude Dickson, Walden had come into Blanton's one night, and heard a sound, and there was Edgar, born at a forty-five-degree angle to his frame, playing behind Gertrude as the sang "What Is This Thing Called Love" with a tremble in her voice that made you wonder. Something settled in Walden that night, and he decided to get out of the big bands, the bus schedules, the writing arrangements; off the roads for a while; to stick around New York, which was his adopted point after all, to give himself his head.

Since then Walden dug Edgar wherever he was around, punted and disturbed, but not until this morning in Blanton's had anything come so clear. Edgar had played with every and indifferent confidence, noting neither Cleo, who played piano with Walden at The Co. Hale every night but never got enough, nor the others who wandered in and out, listening to every other hat, grooving, and shoving off their latest women. Edgar closed before them, down among the tables for there was no proper stand, sat resting on one thigh, and Walden studied him for an instant with that motion of staring objectivity that only comes when a man expects or desires it. And for that moment he forgot his own pleasurable joy at the night currowing down to an end and to this hour among his own set, at the sight of someone so imperiously isolated from it all, though generally accepted as one privy on which it turned.

Edgar haggard lately, ignoring Cleo's wild, expectant chuck, one shoulder rising back and forth slightly, his chin pulled in. His hair was long over his large collar, he pulled up and down on a suggested rope stile, between notes he chewed an enormous wad of gum soaked in honey-dew. They said he had "jazz-eyes," but there was something soft and useless about his smilefulness. Then he answered a few notes over a pretty idea—a crushed smile glimmering behind the microphone, all turned in upon himself, all dark; and Walden alone seemed to catch the sinuous strain of self-indulgence behind the phrase, behind the sloppy, affected suit, the fairy hip-swinging; and at that moment the presence of a secret in Edgar reached Walden like a light.

For if jazz was a kind of growing Old Testament of the Negro race—and of all lost tribes in America, too—a test-

ament being written again after night by unknown, migrant poets on the spot (and so Walden, moved on a strange Biblical confusion, often thought of it), then Edgar had once been a sort of Genesis, an inevitable and irreducible in the beginnings of things; but now, missing, charming, shabby, he sounded the bitter-sweet note of Ecclesiastes, eternal in his confoundment. Then it happened.

Gertrude Dickson flounced in with her cocktail spangled under one arm, and two dark, smiling women guiding her, half-tipsy, between them. And the twenty faces around the room pivoted, and someone busily whispered. For this was the first time in the two years since something unknown and awful had separated them that they had been in the same room. Their lives were fatefully, fatally intertwined, for Edgar had found her singing in a back-road gin-mill in Tennessee (no more than sixteen then), and, probably with only a clipped word of command, had taken her away, and brought her north: a sturdy, delighted, letter girl, one quarter white, reared at Southern on a country lane by two drunken liquor salarman, thrown into reform school where she was chained to her iron cot when her child was born out of her dead, finally released to find her family vanished, thrown back for pocket-picking in colored churches, released again in the custody of a probation officer who tried to get her into a whorehouse, and trying to keep off the streets with her voice when Edgar saw her first. He taught her some sense of jazz, got by the initial job, backed her up on the records that followed, and took money from her when, all overnight, she became a sensation in that dedicated breed of hardy female which jazz creates. Walden, among the others, had often stood in the vest-pocket clubs on Third Street during 1913 as the lights faded away and one spot picked her out—magnifying her silhouette, the large gardenia over one ear still wet from the hair's, candle-lit eyes, skin the color of wax, smooth wood—and heard the opening chords, on guitar piano, at "I Must Have That Man"; and also heard, with the others, the day, the night, the pulse in the voice; and knew, without deciding or judging, that it was right, and been damned too.

People turned wherever she went (although not anticipating a scene as they did at Blanton's that morning), because she had large, separated breasts, breasts that would be ripped with wide, copper-colored nipples; breasts that would not be covered; made for the mouths of children, not of men. In all her hairy (all-the-shoulders grown, single strand of small pearls, the curiously pin-budded garters), her flesh and the heavy-based grace of her body alone had any palpable reality. There was a breath-catching mobility to her—nothing fragile or well-bred—but that extraordinary power of physicality which is occasionally poured into a body. The deep presence of femininity was about her like an aura, something mindless and alive; that touch of moist heaviness (Suggestive of menage, even when swathed in lacy) which is darkly, organically female. She was a woman who looked most graceful when her legs were slightly parted, who appeared to move blindly, obediently, from some source of voluptuous energy in her pelvis; whose thighs shivered in heat, uncomplex expression of the pure urge inside her.

Edgar did not indicate by even the quiver of a note that the excitement and apprehension in the rest of the room had reached him. He played on, as if in another dimension of time, when the took a seat not ten feet from him, the spangled squaring in her lap, wet nose over the edge of the table, eyes large. Neither did she look, but went about writing herself, nodding to acquaintances, chatting with her companions. She was completely drunk, opaquely sensual as

(Continued on page 76)



"It's just a simple matter of chemistry, Miss Colby."

If the men and boys to whom Tank Tim (of the New Orleans jail) was known were outsiders, one wondered where the four criminals were being kept.

The best days of my life, my happiest time," a human being called Pinky recalled, "was dipping clean-under shell in the evening with the National Guard."

Pinky had stolen fifty feet of garden-hose in lieu of back wages. That the back wages were imaginary didn't make the hose less real, and Pinky still had five months to go.

His cell-mate was a footling, black-browed timberwolf right out of the timber, with a blood-red gash for a talking tongue and hands like claws to boot. A real baby-face with a spine-chilling record: he had lowered himself through a greenhouse roof and come within inches of escaping with two three-pots of African violets. Unluckily he had gone through a pane and had been trapped in a chrysanthemum-colored crash face-down in fruitfully-planned ivy, but still clanking his previous violet. The fall, apparently, had reduced the wider side of his nature, because now he seemed happy enough just being permitted to wash and dry Pink's spoon twice a day.

Another was an old, sad, homeless fellow with a face that had never been up from the cellar, who had nobody's sympathy save his own. The turkey had nicknamed him "Raincoat"—which was kinder than what the prisoners had named him.

This ancient simple city's offense had been nothing more dreadful than the devising of a time-and-money-saving operation. He had discovered how to save time and money in making love, and at the same time to protect the lover against emotional entanglement. A pair of rubber bands and mineral with one loose button was all, Raincoat had found, that the self-sufficing lover required.

So armed he had taken a stroll, one winter April evening, down Canalville Street. Having, of course, taken the perfectly sensible precaution of covering his trousers at the knees and leading the buttons in his calves with the rubber bands, leading the impression to the casual poverty that he was fully clothed. Here and there, at he went, he would encounter some woman who appeared deserving, and would flip the coat wide for her amusement and delight. Then modestly would button himself and modestly hurry on.

Talent can spring up anywhere.

"I'm not here for insulting a woman," Raincoat reproved society mildly, for he was the mildest of ancient slyers. "I'm here for not insulting one. I put on my innocent little show for her, but instead of giving me about her business, she looks back over her shoulder as much as to invite me to follow her! She must have taken me for some kind of a creep, a man could catch a disease like that."

"He started walking toward me—"Don't be afraid I heard her say. I'm not going to hurt you"—O no, not would she wouldn't, I know for kind. Her hand reached for me—"O God"—Raincoat buried his face in his hands, the other criminals stood about. They'd all been in the Los Bureau and back, they knew just what Raincoat had been through. And waited patiently till he had composed himself.

Raincoat dabbed at his eyes and went on: "Do you know what that *slimy* had the beautiful girl to ask me?"—"Would you like to sleep with a nice girl?"—that's just what she asked and not more than *slimy* left away! The woman was creepy, that was plain. But you know what I answered her? I'd rather go to bed with a wet sheepskin dog!"—now that's just what I said. How did a nation like that come into my head? Then I ran.

"Before I could so much as say God with my mouth open there were half-a-dozen of them around me, I don't know

lovers, sec-fiends, bugs in flight

A wry and vivid report of life among society's misfits serving time in Tank Ten

by Nelson Algren

where they came from to this day, heading me this way then that, tearing my clothes, screaming 'Go ahead! Go ahead!' Now I ask you, if I were a sec-fiend I would of gone with the woman instead of trying to run, wouldn't I?"

There were always half a dozen in for drinking or distilling moon liquor, and it wasn't surprising that those who bought too much and those who made too little should call together. What wasn't so easy to understand was how men who could no longer communicate with the outside world, but could only sit and mope, automatically fell together.

Raincoat's cell-mate, for example, was a natural hog whose wife had had him hooked up because he had made up his mind to have a baby by their fifteen-year-old daughter. Nobody could talk Marmal flip out of this. He couldn't be cussed as far as all of it. He knew he was right, but Raincoat was the only one to whom he would communicate his delusion.

"He says the kid is better looking than his wife," Raincoat interpreted, "not only that, but she's younger."

And always in one cell or another the usual grunts, toothless quans of exclamation, park bench and shamberry. One of these was Wapback, who claimed to have been a saxophone player who had become addicted to something, he didn't yet know what.

"The Doc wouldn't tell me and I can't read Latin," was Wapback's excuse, "but whatever the stuff was, someone kept making the price of it as Doc, he naturally he had to raise it on me."

The price had gone up until he'd had to back his upper plate. Then he'd had to back his ear to redeem the plate because he couldn't play without it. Then he was all set to go to work but had no sax. Something had to be done. He was doing a year and a day.

"You see," he'd begin as though he couldn't get over it yet, "I couldn't blow a sax without a plate."

"We've heard it all before," Outcast would snap him. "You're not way back, you're further back than that." There would be no need for a while after from the cinders, toothless, endless, dogeaters, hopeless quans of exclamation, park bench



"Th' dirty leazy copper!"

and shakedown.

All tell-downs were open in Tank Town. Only the solid door to the block, the big one operated by airbrake, barred the prisoners from the world outside. Then they changed rolls and rollmates as the white rock tumbled.

There was Wren who liked to buy Bonds on Sunday. He'd pay a thousand or so dollars for one, by check, and show the dealer his bank balance covering that amount. Then he'd draw it to the card-run agency across the street and tell it for six hundred. In less time than it takes to tell the dealer would have him held overnight in the local jail. "You're making a big mistake," Wren was always sporting enough to warn a dealer at this point.

Monday morning would prove the check perfectly good and Wren would run for fifty thousand dollars for him again. The next he'd even actually collect was thirty. "I must of made a million," he computed. A sinister change had come over Ford dealers: they had begun declining to accept him. Wren had had to act increasingly furtive and fly-by-night. He'd wear phony-looking specs, paste a moustache onto his lower lip that looked ready to fall off any moment. The wall of human faith held firm. Finally he had such a vicious run of not getting arrested that he had been raised altogether.

"The trap away at it," he grieved, "when I think how I took a five-hundred loss every time I didn't get pinched and now to get nabbed for wuz—Guns! Hand of God, the what it cost the country to keep us criminals here we could be sending a man to Mexico."

"What for?" the newcomers wondered, "we got on war with Mexico."

"Well, then, by God," Wren snarled firmly, "by God if we don't we'll send down to get us one."

The only true criminal in the whole handful of fools,

the only man there who had soldiered honestly against law and order was Benson Katz, one with such a battered and scarred old round brown ball of a face it looked like it had been lined into the ground and then lined back. They went having a lot of trouble getting Katz out.

"Blow wise to this, friend," he advised the newcomers. "It's always easier to convince a man of something he didn't do than it is to prove that what he actually was doing was a crime. That's why rubbers are so much tighter on the man without a record than they are on the finished criminal product. They've got the finished product solved, they can rub him any time, so they can afford to be friendly. It's the kid who pops up on some crime they never saw him around there before, he claims he never been arrested, he got no record made, he don't act like a thief and they can't find a set of prints to fit him, that makes them sure he's some too-wise guy. They got to find a crime for him. If he's innocent that takes permission."

"Do you know that half the men serving time in pen are there serving somebody else's time? Shaking somebody else's jail for copping somebody else's idea because it carried a lesser sentence than the job they actually done? What a man got to think about when he goes into crime seems to be what any man going into business got to consider. How can I wire myself so that, if I take a fall, I fall the least distance instead of the longest? I got to wire myself to the courts, the state attorney's office, the police department. I can't trust myself to just any lawyer, you don't learn law by going to law school. I got to have someone who can operate behind the bench as well as in front of it, behind the Public Prosecutor as well as in front. Then if I got to take a fall I got a chance—Should it be one-to-life for armed robbery or one-to-three for simple robbery?"

"That blow wise to this, buddy, blow wise to this: never let nobody talk you into shaking another man's jail. Never use any another man's plan. I've tried it and it ain't work."

"I was suppose to be a writer on the east but all I ever write was phone numbers. I'd slip into a party like I was invited, spot some fluff who looked like she'd left her jewel-case home, talk her out of all her address and phone it to a couple fellas who were just sitting around some hotel room talking religion. When she got home the jewel-case would be empty. How should I know they were that kind fella?"

"We made so much I didn't have time to spend it. Still I felt my sidekicks were giving me a shakedown. I got out and went on my own. I lined up a mean thin little number—you understand I passed for sharp every these years. Husband had gold. Had her own car. One day she give me the key to it on a ring with his other keys, to drive around while she shopped. I wheeled right on home out to her place, cleaned out every bit of her jewelry and the husband's too, and was waiting for her when she got through shopping."

"I was working like that every week, stuffing a suitcase for a trip on Chicago. There was a fever there I trusted. What tripped me was I figured it was my turn to give a party."

"The country had just gone dry. I was living in Catalina and went across to L.A., bought a second-hand suitcase and stuffed it with Canadian rye. I got off the boat with it and carried it up hill on my crotch. I had to go past the police station. I knew all the rules. I set the suitcase down and cut up jackpots with them a spell. One of them asked, 'What's in the suitcase, Katz?'"

"Just what you're drinkin' is in it, MacBillem, my boy," I told him, "bacco."

"We all had a laugh. I laughed too."

"I just got into the cottage when somebody knocked. Four

nals I'd never seen in my life before. "What's in the boxer, Kam?" only this time they mean it.

"Liquor," I told them right out, "want a shot?"

"We'll have to take you to the station, we have a dip you're bootlegging."

"I want along. What else? Some closer of a Justice of the Peace shipped a hundred-fifty-dollar fine on me. I didn't have that much on me so I played cards with the jailer and went to bed. I was still laughing but not so loud.

"About three in the morning a deputy sheriff came in and shook me awake, took me into the jail office and pointed.

"It was all spread out on a table. \$125,000 in hot air. They must have lost that cottage apart to bed it.

"My head was spinning like a top the rest of that night, trying to figure how to get rid of the stuff. I'd never been fingered for burglary, if they didn't have the ice I was clean. In the morning the Chief turned me over to a deputy, to take me on the boat to L.A.

"The deputy was dickering. As soon as the boat started playing he made it to the dance floor, lugging the jewelry in a cardboard shoe box under his arm. Once he threw it to the chamber to keep while he dragged a brand around.

"I wasn't handcuffed. Where could I go? Nowhere but overhead and I can't swim enough to bother. So I sat around gnawing my fingernails. I gained twenty-eight miles worth, watching for a break. We were in the channel, almost into Wilmington Harbor, when it came.

"I and I was getting mawkish and made for the rail. I leaned way over and he put one hand on the back of my head to help me. I started over from the ankle and he took it big. He hit the deck on the point of his skull, I grabbed the box and heaved. It plumped right into the propeller-mash and burst like a bomb. It rained jewelry all over the channel. He went for his gun and I held out my hands so he wouldn't dare move one dime in front of the passengers. He put the gun back and began handcuffing me in the rail and hauling like a baby, simply clattering all over me. Then he ran for his box still sobbing. He could have saved them safe. They kept a gang of dives prowling that channel bottom ten days without bringing up a single piece. By the time we made the pier there were four squad cars from the Bureau of Identification. The cub strapped me three times on the way and begged me—begged like a kid for candy—to get out and run for it. "Give me a chance," was how he put it. "You owe me that much." I sat awed still.

"The fit of L. really give me the business. For seventy-two hours they kept me in the blue room. They jumped on my feet. They slapped my ears till I couldn't hear. They put the glass in my eye and held the lids open till I thought I was going blind and all the time somebody I couldn't see kept holding right into my ear at the top of his lungs. I got a great tooth new in place of one some handcuffed fan cracked one, but I acted it out. Years later in sit I used to wake up thinking they were staring on me again, but I used it till one of my teeth beat a radio broadcast 'n sent me a lawyer. That was when my real troubles began.

"You should all see the jake they hang on me then! A finger for every jewel being pulled in California since the earthquake. I found I was the Hollywood Tiki Bunch and also some San Diego potterman who'd been out of range over a year. They put me up in front of some goal in piactronics open squealing I was the guy stuck him up in Akron and took his portable typewriter. Now would I feel around like that with all that ice in my back?

"Still I wouldn't say a word about the ice. I was framed was all I could say. I went back and talked to the ladies in the clerk. They told me the only way to handle my case

was to get some brand-lawyer whom daddy was a judge—she'd sling it into his coat and get me whitewashed.

"One oldtimer told me, "Don't let no lawyer get you to shake another man's job." But I didn't take his advice. I give the brand-lawyer a large slice and for three months I lay in that lone jail when I should have been partying in Chicago. Then she told me the best thing I could do was ask for probation. I had no record, so it would go through easy. I listened, and pleaded guilty to two of them lame bolts, stuff someone else had pulled off. Then up speaks my brand-lawyer: "You blame, I think this man has already had his chance." If that's Daddy give me \$5,000 two stretches, one for four-and-a-half and the other for a year to be served concurrently.

"There I was with my ice in Wilmington Harbor, cleared of my own jobs, tagged for two other guys' work and on my way to San Q. I was still laughing. Only for some reason this time I kept gagging."

"You thought with them fumes, buddy? Let's see 'em here. Maybe some of 'em in trouble 'n I'll have to help them out."

There were neither the great grey wolves of the seaplane wilderness nor fanged cats roost and spitting, but only the small toothless faces of women someone had chased and someone had chained, looking at changes in the weather.

The trucks, the maimed, the torn and the shy, down of small deeds from the nation's furnished rooms, they came off every half an mile in time to buy a little and sell a little and take their adventure in penny rounds. Their lives had been bounded by those windows saying, ROOM FOR TRANSIENT, SLEEPING ROOM, LIGHT KIOSK, where across a look of a thousand names the clerk who proffer the pie suggests, "Give me a plump, Mister. We're both after that way. There's no look on the dice and lads don't work."

Everybody is after of that way.

They had emerged from between those long green walls and those long spitballs that are shadowed by letters of another day. That damp dull green the very best of distasteful where every bad you want makes you recovery to somebody else's shady past. They were the ones who'd rather play a pinball machine than put in a claim to a desk in an ad agency. Those gutters that run with a dark life all their own or down cat-and-mouse always too narrow for a Chrysler, they hid out in the litteed horizontal behind the billboards' promises, evading the rat race for better and here. Their names were "Unemployed Talent Scout" and "Fast Time Fly-Cook," "Fast Time Invention" and "Self-styled Heir-on," "Water-Ski Instructor" and "Dance Instructor." And they strolled in matter-of-factly through their part-time nightmare into a self-styled daylight no less terrible than all their dreams.

Their names were the names of certain night-bite women and they seldom lay down to rest.

Their crimes were witness, witness, high spirits and hard luck. They were those who had failed to wire themselves to courts, state attorney's office or police. Hardly a stone to build but was big enough to trip them up. And when they fell they fell all the way. Fell all the way and never got up. They were unmoved to anything. In jail or out they were forever shaking somebody else's pit, copping somebody else's pie, seeing somebody else's time.

Loose, no-fence, bags in flight, the maimed, the torn and the shy. All those wired to nobody and for whom nobody pays.

That the Public Defender defends by saying, "Your Honor, this man already had his chance."

THE END



penthouse beachhead

She came to him wild like the sea, and
Quite went for her with insistent caresses

by Spino

QUINTO surveyed the mob. It was the same huddle of drunk and chatter, noise and dirt. The accessories of this mob had done it centuries ago, so their modern species were doing the same. People, civilization, what did they do that was different? It was manual and normal for them to rush to and from work, clip hedges, mow lawns, plant gardens, water flowers, build houses and cities, and then find off and destroy the products of their labor and their fellowmen. But Quinto was different. So were his ancestors. They had never built anything, not even a church.

He didn't clip hedges, mow lawns, plant gardens, or water flowers; not like hell to and from a factory. No one knew whether he was a millionaire or not. Few people saw him in the daytime, not because he was particularly unattractive or sedate, either, for in a way his ancestors, at one time, had caused attention to become interested in the ancient science of preserving life. Well, the man wouldn't follow him around, nor worms fold up in his wrinkles and eat him. That was certain. No, not even time would add dust to his fingertips, for Quinto's feet were in his hands. He felt things, touched things. But the crisp texture and crackle of new paper money, the gleam and polish of jewels, and the power and products of machinery lacked appeal. Once he'd been delighted with the soft shoulders of co-eds, the slender ankles of barling beauties, the voluptuous thighs of companion women, and the slim, vigorous bodies of virgins. Now only the best could arouse the best in him.

When Quinto had made up his mind, or, rather, selected what he wanted, nothing could stop him—not even psychology, because he'd learned to wrap up his thoughts. He had observed that people knew more about the bare and the soft and octane gas than they did about their fellowmen.

But he made a mistake. Who doesn't? Many people had seen Natsara and thought the same things as Quinto, but they had mastered their impulses. Quinto followed her home to her penthouse, and then slipped into her clothes closet. He had been safe, but then he'd followed her home and waited. Through the lustrous his eyes followed her more closely than did her Pentecostians.

So what? You can't mine gold out of a golden rod, truck from a sandstone, bags out of groundings, beds out of bed bugs, or teeth from toothpicks. They would never have a chance to hang, gas, or deconstruct him.

Bang! He was in and done. Bang! Who cares! Those

were his tactics.

She was nice. He! He! Was she? Anyone looking at her would know that she was nice.

Quinto had been around many fires and should have known better. He didn't have a crumb's chance. But he didn't care, not Quinto, because nobody cared about him. What was there to lose? Squawk up a chimney. He had been in the clothes closet off her balcony for hours without being heard or found. He was hungry. He was more than hungry. But suddenly there she was—dark-haired, desperate, dimly.

Here was the act when she was at her best. "Will she say, 'How nice you are! You are what I knew would happen to me!'"

Natsara had removed her clothes, and like in many other women, was going to put on other clothes before she retired. For these and those and there it was necessary that she enter the closet where Quinto stood poised. And wild like the sun she came, head bright, hair light, hair smiling. Hands filled with clothes, she opened the door, and . . .

Her middle-aged husband, the president of five steel mills, was trying to remove his trousers, his head filled with Scotch and soda and the smile of a blonde debaucher he had shared with at the Country Club that night. He didn't notice when Natsara rose from the bed, fluffed her hair, and went into the clothes closet. He hadn't observed her remove her tailored-the-evening gown so he didn't see Quinto touch her lightly on the neck. He was busy maintaining his balance, standing on one leg in the middle of the room.

Quinto felt his way down the comfortable line of her skin and said, "This is a dream! S-I-L-B-E-L-Y!"

Thump!

He checked.

Thump!

He checked again.

Thump! It was a nuclear punch. He took it, but Fate let him go out in a flash of glory.

Neither the body nor the blood bothered her. As she hung her tailored-the-evening gown on the hanger, she said angrily and disingenuously, "Listen, Horribled, I don't care how much money you make, or Scotch you drink, or how many dolls you play fiddy wigs with, but you're got to have that hole in the screen fixed. The mosquitoes are making a beachhead out of me!"

"Yes, dear," her husband answered.

MATABORA

With Carmela, greatest of lady bullfighters, on the program, the excitement proved too much for Hernandez

by Warren D. Graef

IN Mexico City, Sunday in winter is a day of worship, feasting and bullfighting. It was on such a Sunday, the second Sunday in February to be exact, that the great Carmela was to make her debut in the oldest building in Mexico.

For weeks publicity about the event had been building up. Announcements on the radio. Speculation in the columns of the bullfight critics. And photographs. Everywhere photographs of Carmela. In her fighting uniform, in evening gowns, in street dress; at home, in town, at her hacienda in the country, dining out with friends, horseback riding along through the park. Her name was at the tip of every tongue. Her face and figure haunted every man's imagination. It was only natural. Besides being the decade's most exciting phenomenon of the bullring, a figure of cool poise, breath-taking beauty, and lyrical grace, Carmela was a slim beauty, tall and slender and exquisitely formed. She was the ideal of the country. No wonder sculptors were asking, and getting, ten times the prices they paid for statues.

On this noon Hernandez and his brother, Pepe, had nothing to worry about. They had bought their tickets weeks ago, after waiting in line for hours. Now there remained for them only to use some energy for the excitement of the fight itself, as time wore they knew anticipated it.

Hernandez gazed with longing eyes at the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Somehow she stood before him, ready for the arena. Instead of the *traje de luces* which bullfighters usually wear, she was dressed in a brilliant costume of Andalusian pattern and short-sleeved longish jacket. It was the most beautiful costume he had ever seen. The hat was of lace but felt, a gold band about the base of the crown, a

golden cord passed beneath her chin. Her black shiny hair, braided, was caught in a coil at the nape of her neck.

The jacket, too, was embroidered with the golden thread. Laceless and golden rimbards outlined her bosom. About her neck, a snow-white scarf lay tucked inside her lips.

The beautiful slender legs were covered in velvet so soft, so glove-tight about the hips and thighs, that the sweet curve of every contour was apparent. Below her knees the pants flared out in a swirl of cloth. Lacelets of the golden thread outlined the outer seams. The edges of the pockets, into which her hands were thrust, were accented by embroidered roses.

As she walked in the tunnel, with the other maidens and their *anadillas*, for *la faena* there to begin, she spied Hernandez and his brother in a group of *apasionados* off to one side. She must have seen the mixture of adoration and worry in Hernandez's eyes, for she strode over to him casually and gave him a reassuring wink from one of her glittering dark eyes.

"So, *chico*," she spoke softly. "Today we meet the crowd of Chapultepec, the fiercest and fiercest bulls in Mexico."

"Yes, Carmela, and you must be careful, you might be hurt. They have killed many women."

"And I am but a small frail woman?"

"I did not exactly say that."

"But you thought it?" exclaimed Carmela.

"Yes," Hernandez had to admit that he had thought it.

"I am a woman but I am not afraid. Otherwise I would not be a matadora."

Trumpets blared and the music for the grand march began. Carmela smiled at Hernandez, then stepped easily and



graciously into the arena for the parade across the ring. There was both modesty and confidence in her stride. And though she was wearing pants, there was no mistaking that she was a woman. The throng applauded and shouted the name of Carmela with great frenzy. It could be heard coming from all parts of the stands.

When she stood in front of the president's box, the male and female bullfighters were much more graciously stirred. Carmela was the center of attention.

When the ring had been cleared, the matadors needed

her hand as a signal to advance the first bull. As the first Chapulapue, a giant natural Bombo, came thundering across the arena, the crowd gave it a tremendous ovation. The boss charged straight for Carmela, who offered the pink and yellow cape with her right hand. For a long moment she stood statuequely, then folded the cape behind her as the animal snatched past. Bombo stopped and turned. Carmela was already facing him, offering the left side of her cape. The boss charged; again the *Matadora* held a regally arrogant pose as she led the bull past no more than an inch from her lovely thigh.

Carmela toyed with the ponderous animal as though he were a puppet responding to strings at her command. After many such passes, Bombo was charging with more vigor and having more fun.

In the third phase of the fight, after the *banderillo* had been placed and Carmela had taken up the small red cloth called the *moletín*, she began passing the bull over chains. "¡No! No!" the crowd shouted as she stood quickly and motionless on one spot and with her eyes on the topmost ring of the ring, not even looking at the bull, commanded the animal to charge. Time after time the tip of Bombo's horns grazed her jacket until it was ripped at several places and hanging by threads.

On the next pass Carmela again did not move. The bull's left horn hooked the jacket and ripped it from her back. The spectators rose to their feet shouting, "¡Atención!" a cry meaning the bull had hit the *matadora*. She seemed not the least disturbed. Her legs, firm breasts, now naked, stood forth proudly as she turned to face Bombo once again. He charged—the jacket still dangling from the horn—his head held lower than usual. In the middle of his snarl his horns caught in the wide cuff of Carmela's trousers, his head flicked upward, and another tremendous rip echoed throughout the arena. The black velvet pants were gone, leaving Carmela quite nude except for the *moletín*.

Jiggling the *moletín* in her side, she urged Bombo to charge once again. Her right foot slightly in front of the other, she spoke sharply: "¡High-ho, cow!" She stamped her foot to focus his attention. The bull seemed stunned, mesmerized. He stood still and gazed at her.

After a moment he took a couple of steps, hesitant steps toward Carmela. She stamped her foot in the ground again, but the horse did not charge. A few feet away, he stopped and pawed the ground, throwing sand and dirt over his back. Carmela once more stamped her foot, urging him forward. Slowly he took several steps until he was standing, exactly, directly in front of her. She stripped her garments from his horns and dropped them to the ground. His nose, cold and wet, rubbed between her breasts. The great horns caressed her body. Carmela gently rubbed his neck, and everyone knew that here Bombo would fight no more.

Amid the tremendous ovation there was a loud voice shouting: "¡Hernando! You deprecimating again!" It was his brother thumping him on the head to wake him. "And stop clenching that sierrita bull. If you said it we won't be able to sell it to the *torero* after the fight. Now put away those clippings and pictures of Carmela. Are you not satisfied that you will see her this afternoon?"

"But, Papa," Hernando answered in a far-off voice, "I have already seen her and I am satisfied."

take off your pants

Most men don't even know why they wear them,
says this top fashion authority and designer

by Elizabeth Hawes

Why do American men wear pants while American women wear either pants or skirts? Why do American men wear only "ratty" clothes when American women point themselves to wear either "ratty" or "eminently" clothes?

A large part of the world's population makes no very great differentiation between the men as far as their basic garments go. In China, both men and women wear trousers and similar skirts. In other countries, both sexes wear some sort of robe. Why did we men decide trousers for the male and skirts for the female were "proper" attire?

I now invite the males to assume their male clothes and, as they take off their trousers, I should certainly like each of them to consider why they are wearing them. I have my own surmise with which you may differ in which case you will, of course, dress up your own.

It is perfectly obvious that as far as the nature and habits of the two sexes go, there's no practical necessity in the U.S.A. for one sex wearing trousers and the other skirts. However, we dress as we do very little for practical but largely for psychological reasons. Clearly, one reason for making it "normal" etiquette for the men to be so immediately identifiable through their dress is to approximate the sex differences themselves. Yet, if one were to ask any man: Why have you got on trousers?—or any woman: Why are you wearing a skirt?—it is extremely doubtful the answer would ever be: Because I am deeply concerned with pointing out that I have a penis, or a vagina, as the case may be.

This fact should turn Dr. Kinsey's hair a little greyer since, when making his very intriguing deductions as to the life of human white adults, he relies entirely on what they say they do. Here we have a glowing example of the fact the adult population of the United States not only says they are doing one thing while actually doing another, but this adult population often actually thinks it is doing something it is not doing at all. Dr. Kinsey has made it amply clear that as far as their sex lives go, many people willfully lie. On the other hand he makes no allowance for the fact that a number of his interviewers may have honestly believed they are telling him facts when in reality they had merely

convinced themselves a false answer was God's truth.

The very large numbers of you who are against wiping out clothes and decorations in dress should be honest enough to admit you find nothing disturbing or wrong about constant sexual stimulation. On the contrary, you "cannot bear to face the prospect of abolishing the present system of civilization—a system which insures that we shall be warmed even from a distance as to the sex of an approaching fellow being, so that we need lose no opportunity of experiencing at any rate the incipient stages of sexual response." (The way the psychologists put things can be so divinely polite.) If you have an immediate desire to say this is ridiculous it may be that you have no interest in sex. But anyone who has ever had such an interest will probably admit that having women in skirts and men in trousers can be a big help in deciding from a distance whom one will look at more closely on the street or get nearer to at a party.

So much for one reason why you may be against the men dressing more like. You like or you once liked your mild stimulation.

There is, of course, a great deal that is useful and efficient about men's clothes and it seems natural that women who are unshowered by outward ideas of what's proper for females take them up. Their fondness is in no way impeded by all this. They remain as sexually attractive to males and as able to bear children as females ever were.

American men have been going through a similar metamorphosis, but this hasn't gone far enough.

Men's clothes will really be revolutionized when the male sexists has right to be considered as alluring and decorative and beautiful as women. It often seems to me that men's bodies have not really been supposed to be physically beautiful since the great days of Greece.

Today's wildest business suit is the sign of the successful man, the most honorable position he can hold in our country. This suit, with its binding jacket (No. Don't tell me it doesn't bind. I used to wear them sometimes, but now I only wear loose, comfortable jackets which I can scarcely feel on me.)—the jacket worn with rather tight comparatively uncomfortable trousers, a shirt, tie, socks and heavy



shows, is certainly psychologically and physiologically cramping.

Prud! When American men are out to have a really relaxed time, even the most staid seize the opportunity to wear only some sort of slacks or shorts, a shirt, and maybe a sweater if it's cold. When men go to work, they aren't supposed to be going to have a good time. A pity. The current American can only be comfortable when not at work. The less current man doesn't wear well-tailored sack suits any more, not even to work. The less current have replaced the well-tailored, tight-fitting suit with some kind of slacks, usually gray flannel, and loosely-cut sports jackets.

A friend of mine who needed a job very badly was asked

by a friend of his to come and be interviewed by the high boss. He went, he told me, "very well dressed." He had on a handsome tuxedo jacket, waders of gray, tux, blacks and browns, his very best dark gray flannel trousers, a new and wonderful tie in several shades of black, a light gray shirt, well-polished brown oxfords, black socks, and on his. His friend met him in a large, elegant Detroit reception room, took one look at him and bluntly whispered, "Come in here, quick," hastily pushing him into an office and closing the door.

"What's the matter?" my friend asked in amazement.

"What do you mean by coming here in those clothes?" his friend demanded angrily. "If you're going to work here you have to wear suits, and have one for every day in the week. You have to wear white shirts, and you can't go without a hat. If anyone here ever you like that, they'll never hire you."

My friend proceeded to assure the big boss when he was interviewed that he could obtain business suits, white shirts and hats. He was offered the job, which he immediately declined on the grounds he'd be miserable wearing a businessman's uniform. It was finally conceded he could dress as he pleased. He is among those men who, in a quiet way, are helping break down prejudices against males being more comfortably dressed, and who do something about it.

But gossamerous women have been supposed to have beautiful bodies and to care for them. They are expected to display their bodies and clothe them beautifully. When the results are pleasing, men and, just as often, other women pay compliments. But how often does this happen to men? In this sense, they are supposed to have no bodies at all. A man's body is regarded merely as a useful instrument. You can scarcely tell at all how a man's body is built when he has on a jacket and trousers. She has a marvelous back, torso, butt, arms, legs, eyes, lips, hips. She moves beautifully. She has such attractive clothes. What about him?

Well, the American male is displaying symptoms of becoming more man in his dress. The five-day work and the enormously greater amount of outdoor life America leads has brought changes. The other day in Gallup, New Mexico, someone hopped out of a car about a block from me, dressed in red and white checked gingham shorts and a rather vivid blue shirt. Only the shoes told me this was a man: on I took a longer look at him and saw with pleasure that he was very well built.

Dressing can be great fun, but what's the good if it's only a one-on street? The shenanigans of Asolo, whose sexual exploits are legendary, wore skirts and they have never been considered sinful, to put it mildly. The American male is not only uncomfortable in his suits, but he has deprived himself of many of the pleasures to be had from wearing culottes, the feel of certain textures on his skin, the wind blowing on his body through his clothes, the sun and wind directly on his body, or parts of it. That our men are not allowed to satisfy their souls in such simple human ways is a terrible thing.

Even in the matter of night dress most people are slaves of habit. Nobody who sleeps naked can imagine why anyone ever sleeps any other way. However, when proposition of the population has today acquired freedom from pajamas and nightgowns is unknown. Dr. Kinsey, in his book on women, says half of the American women he interviewed sleep in the raw. Unfortunately he hasn't considered this statistic with the sexual satisfaction the naked men have been enjoying since then he discloses the sleeping dress of their mothers. If we had such statistics about private night dress the nightclothes business might either vanish tomorrow or be doubled overnight.

There is really no morality for anyone to even or use bedroom clothes except that most people are still embarrassed by nakedness, their own or others', and a lot of people don't like to get out of a warm bed into a cold room with a cold thin blanket as most people's embarrassment over nakedness stems from the general shaming of facts and activities concerned with sex, it seems probable that by the time Dr. Kinsey and his translators, critics and admirers have finished surveying sex in the U.S.A., people will have ceased worrying over being seen naked (at least by their mates). This will enable everyone to emotionally evaluate bedroom clothes.

Some years ago I conducted a study on the question of what a certain selected group of married college graduates were to sleep in. All those involved were nightgown or pajama at the start. All agreed to try seriously to find out whether, as I asserted, it was most comfortable and agreeable to sleep naked.

The group I studied began by casting aside either the tops or bottoms of pajamas, and nightgowns. When a nightgown disappeared it was usually replaced at first by a pajama top and the males generally began by discarding either the top or bottoms of their pajamas. I suspected they were clinging to half a pair of pajamas in case of fire but none would admit it. Those who insisted upon wearing tops said they had a habit of sleeping with their arms outside the covers in winter and got cold. Later most of them discovered a sweater took care of that problem better than a wrinkly pajama coat. Other top wearers sooner or later found they could acquire the habit of keeping covered up by bedclothes. Most of those who at first kept their pajama pants on finally overcame the fear of being caught at night in their bedrooms with their pants down or whatever other phobia was influencing them.

Over a period of eight and a half months, 94.3 per cent of my sample group turned up sleeping entirely naked. Then a very interesting thing happened which I take to be human nature asserting itself, although on my knowledge it didn't come out on any of the men. A not inconsiderable number of the women, as they dressed for bed—arranging their hair, washing, perfuming—got the habit of putting on something which they felt would in no way interfere with their comfort or pleasure in bed but would, at the same time, break the monotony of total nakedness.

This marked the advent of female private night accoutrements. One day I was sleeping with the mate of a female in the group I studied when he suddenly stopped to look through a pile of gaily printed squares about the size of men's handkerchiefs, saying to me, "Wait a minute. *Amie* could use some new nightgowns!"

"Nightgowns?" I thought he'd gone mad.

"He's been having a run on this type," he went on matter-of-factly. "I've seen around her neck. Before that it was a ribbon or an eable. Jewelry," he added, "is not always so good. It can hurt."

You can easily see the possibilities in this approach to sleeping clothes, primitive, perhaps, but nice. I asked the nightgown buyer what he went to bed and he said, "Nothing whatever," rather firmly. But who knows? Perhaps he is one member of a clandestine movement to beautify sex in private which will spread if left to grow in its own way. It's rather dangerous to pool energy about the development of any habits leading to more interesting adornment for display, however private. They are apt to become self-conscious and give up the whole thing.

Some people are, quite rightly, aesthetically displeased by the appearance of their naked bodies, a sight which may

bring that they've led a life little conducive to health, or that they have developed a variety of droops due to not having been emancipated from greed or business in time. Or they may not, like many males, have gotten too tired not by life to take any exercise. If you are in this category you may prefer fairly developing bedroom clothes and even sleeping in some sort of garment. You cannot be charged with false modesty if this is the case. It's just too bad you had to fall to pieces physically, a fact which you must face, and you need not use your droopy body as an excuse for disgusting bedroom manners and turning up in dull, dingy, or simply private night dress.

In the privacy of a couple's bedroom, as nowhere else except on a desert island, the two people involved can dress to suit themselves. If this doesn't include also suiting one another it is truly-made grounds for divorce. I often wonder how many females have any idea what type of private night dress their husbands prefer. And I wonder how much the statistical decline in male marital prowess after marriage stems from the wife's lack of variation and interest in adopting herself for private display.

An enormous number of women prepare themselves for bed solely with a view of how they are going to look in public the next day. Why don't they wear cold cream and curlers, old bathrobes, worn-out slippers, and tired nightgowns to the bed, at the Salfrey, and do a beguiling job on themselves for some what night in the night in the bedroom? (N.B. This, of course, does not apply to those who are matchless.)

The bedroom is an excellent place in which to investigate and draw some conclusions as to whom the males and females of America dress to please.

There is, of course, plenty of pleasure to be derived from looking decorative in the bedroom even if no one else is about. I doubt if even those psychologists who dub this kind of pleasure narcissistic and, in their opinion, bad, would deny that the pleasure of finding one's self pleasing to look at is real. And it has yet to be proven there's anything bad about it except in the worst of cases. Men who spend enjoy surveying themselves in mirrors, by and large, take far more pleasure in surveying the opposite sex with a truly appreciative eye to a harmonious whole of dress, body, and spirit than do men who pretend to no particular interest in their own decorative appearance. You might be interested in being decorative in your bedroom (just to please yourself). Or you may be primarily interested in pleasing someone else. If, happily, you aren't alone.

However, it is my opinion, completely agreeable, that most of the adults in the U.S.A. most of the time, in the bedroom, are dressed solely to please themselves and that it doesn't please them to bother making themselves attractive. How many women wear curlers, old creams, and dingy nightgowns to bed, even when not alone? Plenty. How many men wear messy, faded pajamas? Too many.

Some people feel "modesty" means into their choice of bedroom clothes. Is it a type of modesty imposed by talismans set up to suppress personal desire and desire in man? Mr. Webster defined modesty, as it applies to sex, as "observing no proprieties of art." If sex for you is something in any way unclean, embarrassing, or "animal-like," your bedroom modesty no doubt involves keeping pretty well covered up except in the dark, or at most, displaying your nakedness only fleetingly. If sex for you is something which is fine and human, then your modesty will demand there be nothing furtive, unattractive, or sad about your private night dress. If it isn't beautiful, nice or pretty, how about throwing it away at once and starting over?



"May . . . Cut . . . Hold it . . . They stop! . . ."

HEY!

A vignette is photographs of what happened when a woman surprised a girl sunning herself on a lonely beach.







Sin Tower

(Continued from page 14)

swayed, Beckman."

"What of?" Beckman said, looking at her.

"I don't know," she said. "I got ideas."

"What kind?"

"I'm not sure," Amy said. "Nothing seems right to me now, though. Daddy says if I don't improve he's going to send me away to the city. He hardly ever talks to me anymore because I make him nervous, he says. When the sun goes red at night now, I want to cry."

Beckman was still.

"Yesterday I slipped out," Amy said, "and walked through Mr. Jackson's garden, like I used to, but it wasn't the same—it was so quiet. I laid down to watch for lady-bugs. They didn't come, and it was quiet, and I just wanted to stay there on the grass forever and never leave. I thought if I left I wouldn't come back. Everything is so goodbye!" She dropped onto the floor, then, and grabbed Beckman's hand and put her cheek against it. "Please," she said, "let's go away. Tonight, please."

Beckman stroked her head a couple of times and then shook away from her. "I got work to do," he said. Then he yelled it at her. "Goodbye it, now, I got work. We can't go anywhere, you can't and I can't, there isn't anywhere to go. I don't know why, just get on home, now, and don't come back."

She wouldn't move and he slipped her, and I could see that he was shaking, too. It was the craziest thing I'd ever seen. I felt like I was watching something that I wasn't supposed to, and I could hear my heart belted up and knocking a hole in my chest. I tried to move. In my head there was just that picture of this filthy old man hitting Amy, and everything they said.

I got up and stood in front of the doorway. "Amy," I said, and maybe more, I don't know. I stood there.

Amy jumped and ran and threw her arms around me.

I held on to her tight. Beckman was still sitting on the floor, but he was staring, too, and his mouth was open.

"Come on, Amy," I said.

She didn't move. She hung on there, crying. I don't know what I wanted to do, then—kiss her, I think. Hold her and whisper until she was broken and put her inside of me so I'd know she was safe. I thought that like that.

Then she stopped crying. Except for one thing, the sound of birds back in the brush, it was dead quiet.

Amy pulled away from me.

I never saw anyone's face like hers. It was white and wet, and her eyes were big as saucers.

"What's the matter?" I said.

She took three steps backwards and started to run.

I went after her, but she was faster than I was. She seemed to glide over the sand, her feet hardly even touching. She was running and looking back over her shoulder at me, and maybe it wasn't funny, but I never knew anyone to look so afraid as she did.

I stopped running when I saw where she was headed.

I put out my hand. "Amy?" I called at her over and over, but she ran on.

She ran right up to the tall pile of rocks there by the runway.

It all went very slow, then I saw every bit of it. I can see it now when I close my eyes. Her running and leaping the base of the Sin tower and the noise at the top tipping and tipping and falling, and the whole thing breaking loose.

"Amy!"

It didn't hurt her completely. But eight or nine of the big rocks came down over her.

I must have gone crazy then because I didn't do anything. I just stood there. Even when I saw the blood and saw that she wasn't moving, even then I didn't do anything.

Beckman crossed the sand slowly.

He went to the broken tower and lifted the rocks off of Amy and put his hand on her chest for a while, then he looked back at me.

I wished to God I could have cried. I wished a thousand things, and most them.

Beckman hunk down more and got his arms under Amy. He was gentle. He picked her up and managed to pull himself to his feet, and started back. Amy's head leaned back across his chest, and the wind caught her hair, and I noticed one thing. I noticed that the ribbon was still on.

I watched them. It was like it made sense only I didn't understand, like it was a sensible thing. Beckman walked straight. He walked just the rim of the outway, and didn't look back at me anymore.

Everything got crowded in my head. Amy's dead, I thought—but why killed her?

"Who killed Amy?" I yelled at Beckman. "You godless old fool, you filthy old crap fool!"

The rocks did, was that came into my mind. And the tower did. And I did. I was to blame, by God I was; she'd been running away from me, hadn't she?

I got angry, and I knew I was going to be sick. I wanted to stop Beckman and hit him, but instead I kept thinking about the tower. About how it had been smaller, and the other one bigger, than Amy would be alive.

"Did I do it?"

He was almost to the river. There weren't any houses in him or Amy, there wasn't any weight in them. She was light in his arms and his arms were light. When they got a ways off I knew it had got dark because they turned into shadows, moving toward that river, getting smaller.

I got panicky then. Even though I don't remember doing any of it, I ran back to the runway—I must have—and got my bike and went home.

Mom didn't believe me, at first. But then she did and she called Amy's father at his office and told him about it. He made her let me go back with him so he'd know where to go, but when we got to the rim, there wasn't anything to see. Not Beckman or Amy, anyway. Just the tumbled down tower of rocks and the little one over to it.

And the river.

They dragged it for a good month. They sent out bulletins and calls and organized search parties and had police all over the county, only it wasn't any use, and finally they gave up. Things simmered down to normal after a while, and you hardly heard anybody talking much about the accident—that's what they called it.

I guess they're right. My uncle Rand says it was a simple case of two crazy people coming together, he says that when ever that happens there's bound to be trouble, or worse, and that nobody is to blame. And I guess that's right, too.

But at night, when things are quiet, I still get a funny feeling on my neck. And every now and then I have a dream that wakes me up.

And sometimes, when it's raining, I go up to the attic, and I listen and wonder what it really was that Amy heard.

I only hear the rain.



women and adults not

to a locked and secret room by the grille
of Pompeii's most replete pornography

by Theodore Pratt

MY wife and I first heard of *Le ritorni segreti*, an secret room, in the *Avanti Nazionale* of Naples from an Italian shipboard acquaintance on the ship that took us to Italy. "In this room, in these rooms," our acquaintance explained "you must find all the secret thing that Pompeii has give up. The world know nothing it is like that."

It turned out, after unranslating our friend's English, that he was talking about the best collection of pornography an

in the world.

This consists of the most exotic objects found during the excavation not only of Pompeii, but also of Herculaneum, the second city buried by the ashes of Vesuvius. These have never been allowed to get outside Italy. They have never, in fact, gone farther than the Naples Museum, where they have been kept mostly under cover. An Italian handbook, written by Domenico Mancusi, curator of the fresco section in the museum, and published in Naples in 1898, mentions them by the rather curious appellation of "private cabinet." It calls their constant exposure "nausea, or obscene objects, and lists them plainly, "Marble eyes and feet of fine execution" is the way Mancusi's descriptions go.

"Confession, only are admitted," Mancusi also states. Another, but unlabeled, Italian guide goes farther in this direction. It states that in the inventory of 1892 this exhibit contained two hundred and eighty-two pornographic objects, but disclaims there is not being remarkable, and then goes on to make this highly controversial note: "Women and adults are not allowed in these rooms."

Of all this our acquaintance on the ship concluded. "You will not see."

We wanted to know why we couldn't see, and our friend told us that the exhibit was now even more severely closed to the public than previously. Even around the turn of the century until about 1914, entrance was permitted, upon special request, to archeologists, artists, historians, bona fide students of antiquities, and "interested males of various intent." After that, however, the rooms were ordered closed in order to protect the morals of the people. The government felt that seeing such things could give Italian ideas which might bring the same decisions that caused the downfall of the Roman Empire.

After absorbing this information we adopted the getting into the rooms as a main objective of our trip to Italy.

At the Naples Museum a few days later we decided to try the simplest method of finding out about it and asked a guard the way to the obscene gallery. He stared at us as if we had insulted him, his father and his grandmother. He gave us a look of contempt and walked away.

At the main entrance we then asked to see the head guard. He appeared, cold, unsmiling, and pleasant enough until he learned what we wanted. Then he shook his head in a vigorous negative. Entrance to the rooms was not allowed.

Next, we asked to see the assistant director. After quite a time he emerged, a nervous little man who regarded us suspiciously from the first. As soon as he learned what we wanted he began to shake his arms. He spoke so fast and so

to see the collection, and as a result had been severely chastised by the government. The government appeared to think that the morals of American congressmen could not be impaired by seeing the exhibit. Since then the assistant director had felt rather strongly about Americans.

We decided to see the director himself. At another entrance we rode in a shaky elevator to the top floor of the museum. There we gave our names but not our purpose, and waited. Finally, entering a large, dark, old-fashioned office, we were admitted to the presence of the director. The director seated himself at a enormous desk, looked calm but sleepless, a man who kept his dignity even though the hair coming from the top of his head was made up for on his face. He listened for us to our confusion, and then waited for us to speak.

I realized that the best course would be to explain (mistakenly mixed with a plausible amount of flattery. I said I knew the tale about the exhibit and admired it. I reinforced our expressions with the guard, the head guard, and the assistant director. I said I was a writer, and that no matter if I did not see the rooms I would write an article explaining how well Italy protected the morals not only of her own people, but of the world. I made it as flowery as I could, including the director himself in some of the glory, and ended up with the suggestion that in order to carry out this good purpose it would be necessary to see him what it was that the world was being so well protected.

The director thought that over for a long time. Then he pressed a button on his desk and a museum guard appeared. "This man will show you," he said.

We rose, thanking him. But when he saw us both on our feet he suggested a finger and said, "But not *Sigheva*."

No matter how much we pleaded upon him, he would not take the responsibility of the *Dignone's* viewing the exhibit.

"Guard yourself against yourself," the director advised me, but not *Sigheva*.

The *Sigheva*, muttering things in English about "women and adults not allowed" and other things about men and adults, which I fervently hoped the director did not understand, was left behind as I was ushered along passageways until the guard and I emerged into one of the museum halls on the top floor. Here, down a narrow corridor, we came to a locked unmarked door. This was unlocked, the lights were turned on, and I stood finally in the hall—or unbody—naked.

There were two small rooms, each perhaps eighteen by fourteen feet, with a doorway between, but no windows. The air was musty and dank. The floor was gritty and there was a thin layer of dust on the glass cases in the center of the rooms. In these were the finest objects in the collection.

They were exquisitely modelled plastic models, ranging in size from that of a pea to the length of a little finger. The best were tiny men, carved in semi-precious stones, whose faces were caught in gold settings. The skill of the artists who had carved the limited surfaces in cornelian, rock crystal, opal, jasper, agate, garnet, and lapis lazuli, was almost miraculous.

The predators of Pompeii were there, lying on a chain about the neck as a mark of their profession. There were jewellers in the pagan city who specialized in making them. As ornaments, apart from their significance, nothing could be more prettily fashioned, though somewhat startling.

"Bello, bello," my guard said, and I agreed with him that they were beautiful.

On pedestals there were statues, unidealized that light blue-green color which hundreds of years of burial gives to

(Continued on page 81)

allowed

loudly that we couldn't understand what he was saying, except that there was little doubt, as far as he was concerned, we would reach our objective except over his dead body. As he marched away, one of the guards around the entrance hall of the museum stopped up to us and explained the reason for these high feelings.

The assistant director, it seemed, only a few weeks ago had refused two jolting American congressmen permission

the philanderers

Why not, you may ask. After all, Fred

and David did have a lot in common . . .

by Brian Hunter

FRED Kneidel didn't usually encourage chatter on his early-morning train rides to New York. He was a tall man, with black hair slightly graying at the temples, and steel-gray eyes which helped contribute to the look of strength and solidity about him. He dressed precisely and immaculately, and he generally spent his time on the 8:15 reading the *New York Times*.

He was, therefore, somewhat surprised to find himself in conversation one morning with a complete stranger who introduced himself as David.

The conversation started innocently enough when David commented on a news item in his paper. Fred looked up the item in his own paper, and then both men commenced an in-depth and increasingly combative and before long they'd put aside their respective newspapers and were talking about other matters. They learned, for example, that each was in advertising, that each was married, that each was a father.

"I'm thirty-two," Fred said.

"I'm thirty-six," David said.

"Do you drink?" Fred asked.

"Martinis," David said, smiling.

"Golf?" Fred asked suspiciously.

David grinned. "Lemon twist, of course," he answered.

Fred smiled. The conversation went along in this fashion until the train pulled into Grand Central. As David rose, he said, "Say, what's your name?"

"Why, Fred," Fred said, extending his hand.

On the way to his office, Fred couldn't help remembering that David had been a father once-looking chap with somewhat smiling brown eyes and straight, well-groomed brown hair. He had spoken intelligently, and he had seemed in what Fred considered good taste. And if Fred had been surprised at finding himself in conversation with a stranger, he was even more surprised to discover that he had liked the stranger immensely.

After that, he looked for David religiously every morning. In two week's time, they were using seats for each other, and neither was longer bought for morning newspapers. By the middle of the third week, they began discussing sex, and soon each man had admitted he was presently involved in an affair.

"Of course," Fred said, "this isn't the usual type of thing. I mean, it's not cheap in any way."

"It's curious you should say that," David said, "because

the relationship I have isn't that way, either."

"I know exactly what you mean," Fred said, nodding solemnly. He paused, thinking. "I don't mean to pry, David . . ."

"Not at all," David said. "What is it?"

"Is she . . . a local girl?"

"Yes," David paused. "Yours?"

"Yes."

Slowly, David said, "If I'm not getting too personal . . ."

"No, not at all," Fred said. "What is it?"

"Where did you meet her?"

Fred chuckled a little. This was the first time he'd discussed sex with anyone other than his mirror reflection, and he felt somewhat adolescent, but nonetheless grateful for David's sympathetic ear. "We met in a bookshop in town."

"She reads a lot, does she?" David asked, smiling.

"Yes, yes," Fred said. "We're raising that dry, and I offered her my umbrella. That was how it started." Then he asked, "Where did you meet yours?"

"At the library," David said cheerfully.

"Oh?" Fred said.

"Yes," David answered.

"She . . . reads a lot, does she?"

"Yes, yes. She reads a great deal."

"I see," Fred said. He looked at David curiously, and then he cleared his throat. "Is she . . . ah . . . married?"

"Yes," David said. He turned to Fred. "Yours?"

"Yes."

"But kind," David said.

"Certainly," Fred agreed. "Discreet."

"Frey, yes."

"Is she young?" Fred asked.

"Early thirties," David said. "Yours?"

"Early thirties," Fred said somewhat nervously. He studied David for a moment. "Does she . . . have an unhappy home life?"

"I don't know," David said.

"You don't know?" Fred asked. "Why . . . why isn't that curious?"

"How so?"

"I . . . I don't know much about . . . about the home life of my . . . my . . ."

"Absolutely refuses to discuss it," David said. "Not his husband, not her children, not anything. Absolutely refuses."

"Mine, too," Fred said somewhat sadly.

"That's . . . that's quite a coincidence," David said. "Their being so . . . so similar."

"Yes, isn't it?" Fred said.

It occurred to Fred on the way to his office that morning that there might have been a little more than coincidence involved in the remarkable similarity between his young lady and David's young lady. He had never before considered the possibility of identity in a situation which was unadvisable to begin with. But Elaine liked books and so did David's woman. Elaine was local, and so was David's. Elaine was married, with children. Elaine was in her early thirties. Elaine refused to discuss her home life. All these things were certainly similar to what David had said about his woman. Was it possible that Elaine, having taken the cross-married plunge, was finding the same stimulating? If a woman could have one lover, why not two? David was, after all, a very personable chap.

He called Elaine at home.
"I must see you," he said.

David?

He met David on the 8:15 the next morning. And, as if to confirm his suspicions that both men were sharing the same woman, David seemed to be in his first high spirits.

"How are you?" Fred said.

"Oh, wonderful, wonderful," David replied.

"Here . . . living it up?"

David winked.

"She must be . . . quite a gal, this woman of yours," Fred said.

"She's exquisite," David said.

"Redhead?" Fred asked casually.

"No," David said.

"Brunette?" Fred asked.

"No, no."

Fred postulated, "B . . . b . . . blonde?" he asked.



"Good," she answered. "I'd been hoping you'd call."

"Tomorrow night?" he asked.

She thought for a moment. "No, not tomorrow," she said.

"Why not?"

"I can't."

"Why not?" he said, irritated, thinking over none of the remarkable similarity between Elaine and the woman David had described in his own.

"Domestic stuff," she said. "You don't want to hear it."

He hung up after promising to call again and was alone with his dark thoughts.

Those dark thoughts stirred themselves into a haze on the following night. Fred did not mind the fact that his wife went to her usual Thursday night card party. He didn't think of her once all the while she was gone. But he did think of Elaine, and he could not force the picture of her to another man's arms out of his mind. The night was a long, tedious one. *Another man's arms*, his mind whined. Is that other man

"Yes," David said. "A beautiful sub-blonde. And pure enough? God, I don't think I've ever known a woman so passionately as . . ."

"Please?" Fred murmured.

"What is it? Is something wrong?"

"No, no. It's just . . . you were raising your voice. I . . . I was thinking of your own wife. There are people . . ."

"Oh, course," David said. And then appreciatively, he added, "You've got an agile mind, Fred. You certainly have got an agile mind."

In the office that day, Fred put that agile mind to work. He was fairly certain now that Elaine was cheating him, and that her married lover was none other than the man he had come to know and respect: David.

But how could he be sure?

He couldn't simply come out and ask David, could he? Surely this was not the way in a divided, atomized society. Nor would asking Elaine produce any results.

No, that was not the way. This called for inventiveness, too called for real aplomb. This called for a master plan which would either confirm his suspicions or allow his fears for all time.

His plan was neither inventive nor masterly. It simply took advantage of the known scientific fact that a body can't occupy space in two different places at the same time.

Obviously, he explored the possibilities with David in a series of carefully calculated conversations.

"Do you generally have much trouble?" he asked one morning.

"Much trouble with what?"

"Getting away. To meet her, I mean."

"Oh," David thought. "No, not usually. I generally tell my wife I'm working late. The old routine. You know."

"Yes. And she buys this?"

"She buys it because I allow her certain privileges in return."

"Privileges?"

"I never question her about her activities."

Fred was silent for several moments. "I have much the same setup with my wife," he said at last. "It generally works well, but . . ."

David turned curiously. "But what?"

"You had the feeling of late that it's wearing rather thin."

"All the overtime, you mean?"

"Yes."

"You really feel your wife may be getting suspicious?"

Fred stared, of course, that his wife was not in the slightest suspicious. But, according to his plan, he said, "Definitely."

"Mm-mm," David said.

"It seems a pity, too," Fred said. "We're both in the same boat, so to speak," (and he thought again of the possibility of Eloise in David's arm, and a momentary frown crossed his face), "that is to say, we're both pursuing the same interests, so to speak," (and again he frowned because he conjured a picture of Eloise's mouth against David's) "that is to say, we're both cheating."

"We must certainly are," David agreed solemnly.

"You should think we'd be able to . . . help each other."

"You mean . . . one each other?" (David asked).

"Something like that."

"How?" (David said eagerly).

"We could also each other."

"No good," David said, after some thought.

"Why not?"

"What makes you think our wives will accept the fact that either of us exists?"

"I don't understand you," Fred said.

"We met as a team. Why should they believe that? Don't you see how this is it?"

"Yes, yes, you're quite right," Fred said.

"Now," David said, his eyes getting brighter, "if we were to establish each other with our wives . . ."

"If we should go out socially every evening," Fred put in, his own eyes brightening.

"The four of us," David continued, "so that our wives will know without a doubt that both of us are not aberrations of the imagination . . ."

"Then you and I could go ahead with our own activities. Then you and I could pleasantly meet for a drink."

"Then," David said emphatically, "then we could definitely serve as each other's alibi."

"Clever," Fred said, beaming.

"It was your plan," David said.

"Yes, but you gave it the twist that made it feasible."

"When?" David said.

"As soon as possible," Fred said. "Why not tonight?"

"Good. Where?"

"Let's have them come into the city. We'll meet someplace after work."

"Good."

"We'll have dinner and a few drinks, and then take them home. There's certainly no need to overdo it."

"Of course not. We simply want to establish each other's identity."

"Exactly. Do you know a nice spot for dinner and a few drinks?"

"Let me think," David said. "It's been so long since I've been anywhere with my wife."

Fred chuckled. "How about The Golden Cockade?"

"A hot spot. What time?"

"Six-ish? Right after work."

"I'll have to check with my wife."

"And I'll check with mine."

Fred called his wife as soon as he got to the office. Daghee was a woman who made her objections known in no uncertain terms. She vigorously objected to tramping all the way into the city to spend an evening with total strangers, but Fred assured her the fellow was a gem and he was sure the wife would be a nice girl.

"All right, all right," Daghee said. "Where is this charming rendezvous to take place?"

"The Golden Cockade. Fifteenth and Madison."

"What time?"

"Along about six. I'll come by straight from the office."

"And she'll be waiting there, too, I gather."

"Yes."

"I'll be sitting at the bar, and I'll be wearing my blue slacks," Daghee said. "You might pass that on to your friend, so he can pass it on to his wife."

"All right," Fred said, I'll see you there."

He hung up, beaming like a positive idiot. He was certain this would turn out beautifully. And after this, he and David would plan to meet some night—and then he could meet Eloise. He waited for David's call, and when it came David told him his wife had agreed—if reluctantly—in come to the city for the date.

"Good," Fred said. "I'll see you tonight then."

David picked up Fred at his office after work and they began walking to the restaurant. They were both in high spirits, both sure that this preliminary meeting would pave the way for a long series of alibis to follow. When they reached the restaurant, David swept open the door, bowed from the waist, and cheerfully said, "After you, my dear Gaston."

They entered the place checking. It was very dim inside, but Fred's eyes adjusted quickly to the darkness and then swept the bar which ran the full length of the room. He spotted his wife at once. As she'd promised, she was wearing her blue slacks. Her back was to him, but the amber lights behind the bar caught at her ash-blond hair, and he recognized her instantly. She was chatting animatedly with another woman whose back was also to the entrance doorway, a woman Fred assumed to be David's wife.

David confirmed this at once. "There's my wife," he said, and he moved for the bar.

They walked toward the bar quickly, and as they walked Fred noticed, curiously, that both women were blondes. He made his observation some four feet from the bar, and then the women turned to face their husbands.

Fred did not notice that David's face went ashen while in the moment his eyes met Daghee's.

He only knew in a blinding moment of painful clarity that the woman sitting next to his wife was Eloise.

NUGGET

ROMAN
HOLIDAY





LEWIS'S NOTE: Italian humor, at these samples of what is currently making the rounds in Rome itself, is apt to be more cruel and less logical than the average American jokes. But, though often accompanied with much rolling and popping of eyes and wild postulations, it is taken less seriously. The Italian feels they are joking rather than thinking in.

The Secret Thrust



Legacy

Two friends who hadn't seen each other in years met on the street. After an embrace they started asking about old acquaintances.

"How's Gina?"

"Poor Gina. He died over a year ago."

"Poor Gina? wasn't he rich?"

"In a way, but he left everything to an orphanage."

"How much?"

"Ten children."

Window Dressing

A stranger arrived in Rome and entered a watch. He went into a shop that had a window full of beautiful watches and clocks.

"You sell watches?" he asked.

"No."

"Then you repair them."

"No."

"What do you sell, then?"

"Circumstances."

"Why the watches in the window?"

"So?" the shopkeeper struggled, "What should I put in the window?"

Wisdom

"Papa," said the girl, "I want to get married."

"No," said the father. "You're not old enough as wise enough."

"When will I be?"

"When you stop wanting to get married."

Check, Please

Alexander went into a restaurant for lunch. After studying the menu he asked the waiter: "Why do you charge a hundred lire more for three eggs fried than for three eggs scrambled?"

"What can count scrambled eggs?"

Straight Answer

A married couple on the first night of their honeymoon went to the bride's house to spend the night. As the husband crawled into bed, he passed, and demanded: "I insist on knowing that I am the first man to sleep in this bed."

"If you drop off, you will be."



Happy Mistake

A young man received a telegram, reading quickly, he saw the words, "FATHER DIED LAST NIGHT," and broke into tears. As he wept a friend tried to console him. After a moment the young man stopped crying and began to laugh and laugh.

"Why are you laughing?" the friend asked.

"What a relief," was the answer. "This wire's not for me. It's addressed to my brother."

Mind Your Manners

Two pretty young secretaries sat on a crowded bus in downtown Paris. One of the girls noticed a young man was behind her friend and looking at every detail of her figure.

"He's making you up with his eyes," she whispered.

"He must be poorly educated. Doesn't he know enough to eat with his hands?"



"I must be in love, I can feel the earth move."

Hearty Farewell

A doctor was called to the bedside of a very old man. He examined the fellow carefully and realized there was no hope. Toward the end, the doctor took the man's pulse, which was fairly strong, considering his condition. Even the fever seemed to be going down.

He nodded and turned to the family. "It's all right," he said. "He's going to die in the heat of health."



"Sigarettes, would you prefer an intravenous injection or intramuscular?"

Remembered Wish

The couple had been married nearly three months. After a spirited session of love, the husband asked: "Tell me, darling, how is it? What do you think of the marriage so far? Do you like it?"

"Wonderful, rare, wonderful. I hope it lasts like this until the divorce."

Address

Two selfish ladies were picked up for vagrancy and dragged into court. The judge asked the first one her name and address.

"Believe, your honor, my address is everywhere. The hotels, the winds, the clouds."

"And you?" the judge asked the other.

"Pasquale, your honor. I live next door to him."

Farenight

The pretty patient told the doctor she wanted to be vaccinated. "But," she added, "it is a vaccine where it won't show."

"All right. That will be five thousand lire in advance."

"Why in advance?" she asked him.

"Because where I'm going to vaccinate you, I may weaken and not charge anything."



Arnaldo knew Sophia's every smile and gesture by heart—but she remained a total stranger to him

the winds

by Philipp Barboori

PABLO, Rosita and Arnaldo all worked at the Hotel El—, one of the most elegant in Rome, not far from the Spanish Steps, and with a bar and a casino, that attracted weekly tourists from all over the world. Rosita worked in the office, Paolo was a maintenance man, and Arnaldo, the daytime bartender who could make a habit of the mixing of Magretti, a glass-and-Italian, or an American-style Martini, dry-as-dry and Arroz-cold. Along with other employees of the hotel and clerks from some of the expensive shops along the Via Veneto, they often gathered after work at a *cantina* around the corner away from all the splendor of their place of employment (and much cheaper). They might have made a congenial trio, except for the complications. Paolo was in love with Rosita, Rosita was in love with Arnaldo and Arnaldo was in love with a woman whose every smile and gesture he knew by heart but whom he had never seen in person—Sophia Lorenz, the movie star.

Arnaldo saw each of Miss Lorenz's films at least a dozen times. Photos of her covered the walls of his room, his change locker at the hotel; he even had one posted on the inside of the door of the bar refrigerator. "She keeps this on from getting too cold," he explained. He lived in a dream of the day Miss Lorenz might sit at his bar. He was convinced that his love for her would communicate itself through his eyes and his meticulous and graceful preparation of her order, and after one up she would abandon her sister and take Arnaldo by the arm and together they would walk out of the hotel and live a life of happiness together. It was delirious, of course, but Rosita's prolonged blue skies, the gentle, caressing summer air, and the romantic spell of architectural antiquity sometimes combined to support such delusions, especially in the young. Thus he was oblivious to Rosita's loving looks and conversational overtures. Paolo instinctively noticed them all and while he cared them for himself he could understand the girl's interest. After all, Arnaldo was very handsome and he danced, in a way, the glamorous life of the hotel, serving thousands of live-in tips from the guests and tourists, while he, Paolo, worked in the basement at a starling's salary. Well, as Arnaldo dreamed of Sophia, Paolo more practically dreamed of Rosita and dedicated himself to winning her.

At lunch hour he would take her hand and stroll with her to the Roman fountains where they would sit while he spoke to her with warm affection and, whenever he thought he could get away with it, brush her cheeks or her hair with his lips. Hotly, not just one of those wondrously fine kisses in his hand, or let his fingers twirl nervily and lightly over the smooth curve of her bottom or along the exciting length of her thigh. But Rosita was very modest. She dressed dark, heavy, voluminous clothing and never allowed a knee to appear when she crossed her legs. And whenever she felt Paolo's hand wandering she would slip it away and hide him. She refused that the third hand,

but when his propositions became intimate she would break off with a laugh.

One day after work as he waited to take her to the *cantina* for a vermouth, Paolo had to look twice at the girl before he could recognize her. Rosita had dyed her hair copper, shadowed her eyes and lashed back into a slant, and was walking with a sway to her hips that even her full skirt could not hide. With her lipstick she had even attempted to paint Sophia Lorenz's mouth over her own smaller one. It was Rosita, he knew, but not *his* Rosita, dark, sweet, small, and sparkling—she was just a poor imitation of a cinema queen. It saddened him but he forgave her instead of criticizing her for he knew that love is aimless in getting what it wants. He even knew that if getting himself up like Arnaldo would attract Rosita, he would do it. But it was useless. Arnaldo was tall, fair, ardent. He was steady and dark. And ugly, he knew, by comparison.

In the cafe, Rosita led him to a table next to one where Arnaldo sat drinking with a couple of waiters from the hotel. If he noticed her he pretended he did not. At last, Rosita could contain herself no longer. "Oh, Arnaldo," she cried, "don't you recognize your old friend?"

Arnaldo looked at her with a smiling smile. "You going to a masquerade, Rosita? Who are you supposed to be? Anna Magretti?" Then he laughed and turned back to his companions.

Paolo was embarrassed and his heart ached for Rosita who was staring down at the table, hurt in her eyes.

Impulsively (also psychologically accurately) he took Rosita's hand and said, "Cheer up. It's pay day. Let's have a night on the town."

They had dinner at the Bibbiena, dined at the Fioreria del'Uino, strolled by moonlight in the Villa Digne park, and ended the evening at the Cafe Ulipia listening to the wild melodies of a gypsy violinist. In the course of the evening Rosita seemed to forget Arnaldo's snub and began to respond to Paolo's attention. On the way home in a taxi—he was only the fourth time in his life that Paolo had hired a cab, but for him the night was made of magic and he squandered without thought of his budget—he said, "Rosita, now, wipe off that lipstick. I want to kiss you, not a copy of Sophia Lorenz." Rosita showed as modest as though she were his slave, then lay back in the cushions of the cab and abandoned herself to his kisses and caresses. Trembling but tenderly his hands caressed the buttons on her dress and slipped in to explore the exquisite details of her breasts—here, soft skin, rising smooth, there, a hard outthrust point, and overall, warm, firm, and delighted to touch. Then his hand went under her skirt and knee, for the first time, the propositions and treatment of the flesh beneath, but just as he sensed his goal Rosita showed him away—collectively, he thought.

Paolo was half mad with excitement and desire. "Come home with me, Rosita. Now."

If I did not even then sometimes I did wrong, my argument at the other times, in which I knew I was right would be suspect. So I own I made a mistake in revenging myself so violently on Caterina (who had deceived him as a mistress and later married another man—old man). I made her pose to me as a model (for a piece of sculpture), naked, for thirty whole days. I paid her an advance and fed her well but I used her for my pleasure out of revenge, and thus cast this insult in my husband's teeth and her own. Moreover, I forced her to pose in an uncomfortable position hour after hour, which annoyed her as much as it delighted me; for her form was very lovely, and did me much credit. When she saw that I did not treat her as discreetly as before her marriage, she grew very angry, began to grumble, and then to brag about her husband. When she talked about her husband I was seized with fury. Yielding to my wrath, I took her by the hair and dragged her about the rooms, kicking and insulting her till I was worn out. And nobody could come to her help. When I had beaten her well, she swore she would never come back to me again. So I thought I had made a mistake, and had lost a fine model and an excellent opportunity of gaining income in my profession.

I sent a servant to help her dress, an old woman called Roberta, a most kindly person. She brought food and drink for the house, then she smoothed the worst wounds I had dealt her with some bacon fat; and what was once they ate together. When Caterina was dressed, she went away blushing and crying me, and weeping and cursing all the way

home. I confess that on this last occasion I thought I had done very wrong, and my Roberta scolded me, saying, "You are a brute to behave so cruelly to such a pretty girl." I crossed myself to the old woman, and told her all the villainies Caterina had done to me when she was living in my house. Then I told Roberta to go and see how Caterina was; for I wished very much to have her again as a model till I had finished my work. Roberta cut me short, saying I did not know the world. "For as soon as day breaks," said she, "she will come all her own accord. But if you want to ask after her, or go to see her, she'll give herself airs, and won't come at all."

Next day Caterina came to my house and landed so furiously at the door, that I, who was below, ran to see if it was a maidman. When I opened the door, the little wretch laughed and threw herself on my neck, embracing and kissing me, and asked me if I was still angry with her. I said no, and she said, "Give me something to break her on." This I did, and I ate with her in token of peace. Afterwards she posed for me again, and I amused myself with her, and then just at the same hour as before she requested me to take it had to repeat the punishment. Thus it went on for several days, every day the same things happened, with hardly a single variation.

When I had finished my statue most creditably, I cut it in blocks, enough to say that my figure came out excellently, and the casting could not have been surpassed.

—Reverende Calves



of ROME



"I . . . not tonight . . . Perhaps . . ."

"Tomorrow?"

"Perhaps in a few days."

"Saturday, then."

"I think so."

Paolo almost crushed her with a kiss of happy surprise.

On Saturday the weather turned gay and gay, but for Paolo it was the most beautiful day in his life. Rome, the most beautiful of cities; and Rosita, of course, the loveliest woman in the world. He had borrowed money to cover his living expenses since his earlier extravagance and to make this a night of unremitted pleasure. As he picked up Rosita at the employer's entrance and walked with her down the street and around the corner toward the *osteria*, Paolo ran over in his mind for the hundredth time his plan for the evening. There would be a drink at the cafe, dinner at *Tru Sotina*, and then a cab to his apartment where two bottles of champagne were on ice.

Just at the entrance of the *osteria*, a blast of wind swept

down the double between the old buildings, caught the hem of Rosita's long, billowy skirt, and swirled it up around her waist. For a brief moment her long and lovely legs, topped by a pair of immaculate white puttees, were publicly exposed. Rosita blushed and fought to get her dress down but Paolo, who saw that Arnaldo and several other men sitting at a table in the window of the cafe had witnessed the event, experienced a glow of pride. Now they had an idea of the value of his prize and would envy him.

They took a booth at the front and were almost immediately joined by Arnaldo who sat down unceremoniously.

"Savvy, little Rosita," he said. "I had no idea. Let me buy you a refreshment."

The shy look of welcome in Rosita's eyes was uncalculable.

Although Paolo churned with rage and indignation, he contented with a sipping sensation, abstaining after the fifth or sixth drink, that Rosita would not be going home with him tonight, or ever, and that he would have to drink the two bottles of champagne alone.



ON this spread, and on the opening and closing pages of the session, Artist Anna Moravcsik has combined a bold brush, a waxy pen, and a subtle palette to confer these pictorial reminiscences of his favorite town. The drawing at the left does not depict, as one laissez-faire-minded beholder suggested, a pair of behelded pickpockets. It concerns the *mano morta* (dead hand), an often-observed tradition among the working classes of Rome. It was placed a ruthless hand on some interesting spot of a woman's anatomy. If she moves away, or slips off the hand, her attention is rejected. If after mental seconds, however, she has given no sign of displease, the hand has tacitly been given permission to come

to life. Film star Anita Ekberg publicly complained, after her recent visit to Rome, that she felt the *mano morta* so often and in so many parts of her person that she would have needed to be an actress to answer them all. Old Italian hands will recognize on the following pages the outlines of the Pantheon Gardens, one of Rome's most popular parks, a haven for lovers and moonlight strollers. It all started, of course, with Remulus and Remus, those mythical brothers, who, abandoned in the forest, were suckled by a she-wolf and gained the strength to stop us and found the city. Though the brothers live only in memory and statuary, the wolves still abound, though somewhat shamed in appearance from the original.



VIA APPIA



Happy Standing Up

(Continued from page 5)

face. He reached for his private phone and dialed a number. He waited a moment, then his manly face broke out in a big smile and he began to speak rapidly.

"Betty?" he said warmly. "Listen, Betty. I been doing a lot of concentrated thinking about you. What's wrong with your career, then, is, we can't get you the publicity you want. What you need is to get associated with a big publicity name, get some accolade with a name, like that. Somebody like Bill Jordan, for an instance. Now look, Betty, it so happens Bill is coming to town tonight, and it so happens I am in very good standing with Bill. I took a lot of doing, kid, it took a whole lot of doing, but I fixed you up with him. A date with the big man, you see? He's dying to meet you, also he's going to Paris to make this picture and that is a considerable also. It's a real break, now if you play your cards right. . . ."

Betty Hughes had had a real blisk morning. She'd had a wrestling match with an agent, right in his office in the Paramount Building. But that she hadn't been warned about agents and their cunning coaches. But she needed agents to get even walk-ons in TV. So she'd gone down for a walk-on, and what she'd gotten was a walk-on, plus a small stip in her pinup and her Peter Pan collar was all crumpled and had to go back to the cleaners.

She was happy with the news about Bill Jordan. He could give a girl a lot more than walk-on, if he'd a mind to. She had to look her absolute best for this occasion. They might go to the Copa. Miami said, they might get photographed at a regular table, holding hands, it could lead to anything. . . .

She spent most of the afternoon at the hairdresser's. Then she went to Douglas's and bought a whole new outfit, from paupers to duchess.

In the tilt, Betty, dressed in a knockabout strapless, bloomers more cut than in, kept beating her gums. Photographers, did Mort arrange for the photographers?

"It's at first just a little private party, see?" Mort said. "It could develop in any direction, but the way it starts out it's just a party."

"I've never been alone in a man's apartment before," Betty said. She looked scared as a kid with her first lipstuck job, in her first pair of high heels, going on her first date.

"It'll be quiet. You can talk better." Mort rubbed his sleepy palms together. He was thinking fast. After what was sure to happen to this kid tonight, the man's going to be any client of his name the dawn. He stood to lose her 25 a week too, and an amount Bill placed him off with would make up for the loss of a steady fox. If he didn't pressure any more payment from her at this time, there wouldn't be another time. One more thing, then, he ran up a lot of expenses, on the long-distance to the Coast and all, arranging this date for you, kid, it leaves me a little short. I have to take money for a thing like this, but I thought if you happened to have a few on you, just to make up the expenses. . . ."

"Oh come, Mort." She felt around in her handbag and drew out two tens. "It sure would be nice, though, if we could go somewhere where they had photographers."

There was in the hotel corridor. Mort pressed the button. The door opened and there was Bill, in a red, unbuttoned dressing gown. Betty stepped in, much hearing of bladders and having of some thought ladies. "A great honor,

Mr. Jordan," she said, blushing.

"Thanks, pal," Bill said, holding out his hand to Mort. "Here's to the hanging? He is much with you."

The door closed. Mort was left standing in the hall, looking at the neatly folded fifty-dollar bill in his palm.

Little Betty wouldn't be seeing any flunkies tonight. It would be a little rough on her, maybe. Well, the kid would make out. She'd be purred all too. She hadn't even gotten a walk-on in six months, she must be pretty hosed, especially after giving him, Mort, the five tens. If she got fifty from Bill, Mort thought in a rush of kindly feeling, it would at least pay back the fifty she'd slipped him. She was a good kid, he reflected. She deserved all the best.

Bill turned around to see Betty. "You got curves there that ain't been invented yet," he said admiringly. "Get those clothes off, baby, I want to see how they put you together before I take you apart." It was his big apophorenia to talk tough.

"Mister Jordan," she said. "Did I really hear what I just thought I heard?"

"What'd you think you heard, the Andrews sisters?"

"Did you say something about—my clothes?"

"Sure, babe, I said, take them off before I tear them off. You doing this bit in three minutes?"

"Bet?" Betty sank into a chair. "There's some underwear standing, Mr. Jordan."

Bill looked perturbed, then smiled. "Oh—on this trick you're building out for cash in advance? Listen, Bill Jordan pays at the go. He even pays postal to postal."

"I told Mr. Robell I should cover here, come, I told him I'd never been in a man's apartment before—"

Bill came toward her, his watermarked silk dressing gown unbuttoned. "You mean you got your own pad, you do all your business right in your own pad? That the kind of operation you run?"

There were gathering in Betty's eyes. "I told him and I told him, he said it would be perfectly all right, you'd behave like a perfect gentleman. I thought it sounded funny."

Bill leaned over, his eyes full of velvet support. "All right, you're a headbody type. Who's condemning it? Only you play square and down the line with Bill Jordan, baby, and Bill Jordan'll treat you right. You be real nice to me—"

He reached down into her dress, meanwhile trying to guide her hand toward his own body. "In case you think you're dealing with some two-bit job, he whispered paternally. "I want you to get it right out of your mind. Once I sent a dame home in a hired limousine."

She thought her way to her feet—then, with the precision of a barbituric sliding knife chop, she brought the edge of one hand down on her arm. He let out a yelp and bounced his head on her. In that same instant she grabbed him by the wrist, executed a neat half-turn with her body, bent, and with one heavy flipped him over her shoulder, his long legs going like an astonished beetle's. He landed with a thump on the carpet, halfway across the room. It was several seconds before he shook the fog out from behind his eyes.

"Where'd you learn that dopey stunt?" he mumbled.

"That's justice," she said. "I learned it from a Marine I used to go steady with back home."

"What'd you want to go and do that for? That's a crazy man." He blinked painfully to his feet. "I sure know a

(Continued on page 80)



the man

by
Joseph
Julian

*in the mad world of skilled old men and terrified TV executives
nothing can happen—even a quiz show called "Russian Roulette"*

THE latest Treadler rating showed that of all television sets in use Wednesday nights at 10 P.M., 95% were tuned to the **MILLION DOLLAR QUESTION**.

The last opposition held out, U.S. Pig Iron Corporation, recklessly experimenting with the notion that industry should help raise the cultural standards of TV audiences, had been picking up the tab for a dramatic program, **GREAT CLASSICAL PLAYS**. But after several weeks of Thursday evening Treadler Reports showed that the first sets tuned to **GREAT CLASSICAL PLAYS** were owned by the families of the performers—they, too, cancelled out.

Heads began to roll at Gregory, Mitchell and Fox, the advertising agency that handled the U.S. Pig Iron account. T.G., the president of the agency, told all the vice presidents, "You have exactly one week to come up with an idea that will pull viewers away from the **MILLION DOLLAR QUESTION**. If you don't, you're through—through, do you hear?"

The second vice president, Gregory Beck, boarded the 5:15 at Grand Central that day with a headache in his head. Gregory was a typical, wholesome, young American second vice president. He had a paraded office, paraded secretary, a home in Westport, a wife and two mortgages to support.

"What a hell of a time to be fired," he thought. He had almost saved up enough money for an operation on his elbow, and he desperately needed a new gray flannel suit.

Obviously, he had thinking under pressure. But to top the **MILLION DOLLAR QUESTION**! Bless like that came only once in a lifetime.

As he climbed into his old Chevy at the Westport station, he sank lower and lower into the slough of despair. Next week he'd have to start looking for another job, maybe starting all over again as a copywriter at another agency. Poor Mary! Not only would she not be able to move up to the first vice president's social set, now she would be snubbed by second vice presidents' wives and only get invitations to the homes of copywriters.

All night long Gregory got fragments of ideas which he discarded in disgust, exhaustion, despair! About six o'clock in the morning, as he walked in an agony of frustration, tears in his eyes as he thought of poor Mary receiving invitations only from wives of copywriters, suicide seemed the only way out. He cooled his thumb, pressed his forefinger to his forehead, as though it were a gun, and visualized on the sensation of a bullet plowing through his brain. Just as he pulled the imaginary trigger—Bang! Inspiration!

without a gray flannel suit

"I've got it!" he screamed.

T.G. called an emergency meeting of his cabinet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "We stand on the threshold of television history. Young Beck, here, has come up with a terrific idea for backing the MILLION DOLLAR QUESTION and getting back the U.S. Pig Iron account. Give them a run down, Beck."

Gregory Beck stood up. He adjusted the knot in his tie, lowered by the nervous fidgeting of his Adam apple. He was fully aware this moment was the most critical of his career.

"Gentlemen," he began, "to develop a program that can compete with MILLION DOLLAR QUESTION we must get down to the fundamentals of mass psychology. We must appeal to the basic drive of the American people. What is it? Survival! I submit, gentlemen, there is no program on the air today that deals with the actual survival of a human being." His paunch, shifted to a furtive stance and said, "Gentlemen, I propose combining the basic elements of money and survival in a giveaway game program to be called—RUS-
SIAN ROULETTE!" Another pause. "It derives," he continued, "from the disaster broadly of Casablanca in the annals of the Twies. In order to prove his courage, a soldier would remove all but one bullet from the six-chamber cylinder of his revolver. He would then spin the cylinder, point the gun at his temple, and pull the trigger. He had six chances to one of living. If the trigger clicked on an empty chamber, he was a hero. If he died, he was remembered as a brave man."

"Do you get the picture, gentlemen?" T.G. broke in, excitedly. "Win or lose, the audience has its catharsis! The big prize: his life, and say \$20,000 if he wins!"

"And a consolation prize to his family if he loses? A decent burial and all that?" interrupted one of the T.P.s.

"Exactly!" replied T.G. "Maybe we'll send one of his children through college. That way the audience won't have that brokenheart feeling."

"Gentlemen!" shouted Gregory Beck. He didn't want to let the ball get away from him until he had made his strongest point. "What man, woman, or child in this country wouldn't tune in to a program where a human life is at stake? Why the love of savings would almost guarantee a death once every six weeks! Dames, gentlemen! Dames!"

"Gentlemen," T.G. said in the pregnant silence that followed, "I think we all recognize a great idea. But more than your approval, I want your criticism."

Most of the vice presidents, a little ashamed of having been caught with their enthusiasm up, were glibbed for the instructor to request their earnest function of back-fading.

"Won't we have trouble getting enough contestants willing to risk their lives?"

"For \$20,000?—don't be silly," said T.G. "We'll be swamped with applicants. But we must be conspicuously honest in selecting contestants. No one connected with the agency will be considered."

"Isn't it dangerous to use [sic] assassination in a studio? A

lot of people have grievances against TV producers."

Gregory Beck said, "No problem. The contestant will be in an isolation booth with bullet proof glass."

"Give them a few more details, Beck," said T.G.

Gregory Beck raised his hands like a camera. "We dolly in, see? Slowly . . . slowly . . . while the orchestra is playing suspense music. As we get in to a closeup at the critical moment, we segue into a powerful dramatic theme. Wag-
gonies. Something out of GUTTERDAMMERUNG. Boon! Boon! Boon! Then we cut it off sharp!" He dined the air sideways with his hands. "Science! The supreme moment of tension! A quick cut to the contestant and then. Either a click or an explosion!"

"Terrific!" gasped several vice presidents in spite of themselves.

"If it's a click," continued Gregory Beck, "after the explosion, we ask the contestant to point the gun downward and keep pulling the trigger until the bullet is fired."

"And if the contestant is actually?" prompted T.G.

"Then we simply trip a magnet in the booth, and the body slips quietly into a box underneath the stage out of sight of the audience. After all, the show is basically entertainment. We should avoid anything gruesome."

One of the fifth vice presidents (one who was not wearing a gray flannel suit) nervously asked his hand.

"Gentlemen, don't you think the whole idea of this show is in deadly bad taste? I mean exploiting human lives?"

He was quickly worried into silence as T.G. adjourned the meeting.

That evening, as the 5:15 rolled out of Grand Central Station, Gregory Beck settled back in his seat, closed his eyes and imagined the words "First Vice President" on his office door. He glanced around the car at his fellow commuters and wondered how many of them were first vice presidents. "Very low, I'll bet," he said to himself before sleep.

But as the train rolled on he became increasingly aware of a small sleep-down irritation. That little vice president, the one who was not wearing a gray flannel suit. What was it he had said? Something about bad taste? "Bitchy!" Gregory snarled, but the figure of the little man without a gray flannel suit loomed larger and larger in his mind.

Such an irritation was undesirable to Gregory Beck on this day of his greatest triumph and he dipped into the staff he was made of and counterattacked with a salvo of powerful thought: How can anything be so bad taste that will remove millions of people? Many of the contestants will need money so badly, they'd worry themselves into an early grave, anyway. Some would commit suicide. RUSSIAN ROULETTE will give them a chance to live. Bad taste, indeed! It's a public service! Gregory Beck felt better.

He leaned back in his seat, exhausted and relaxed. The irritation was gone. The intra-psychic battle was over. He had won. Gregory Beck smiled from deep within himself and let a sigh. "Nice to be worried," he murmured.

the english accent

"**T**HERE are girls," said the philosopher, "and there are women. Perhaps once in a decade you find a female that has the grace and allure of youth combined with the poise and mystery of womanhood. That, goddesses, is an object worthy of your attention and your respect."

From the top of her raven-haired head to the tips of her rised toes, Maria English is getting plenty of both from an admiring public and from the Hollywood media in whom she has stirred visions of low-lying sugar plums.







by James Hines

for the love of

I WANT to tell you about Dogear Brown, the roughest and meanest powerful man here in Horse Swamp County, and what happened to him when he fell in love with their bley Simpson.

Dogear's real name was Newsome, but everyone called him Dogear on account of the night he was passing Ed Wright's place at Hickory Nut Gap, and Ed's three dogs ran out and jumped him.

Dogear, who always bragged that he could whip man or beast, showed what he could do that night. In less than two minutes he had those dogs down on the road and was

wrestling with them. They were mean, too, but before they knew it, two of them were frosted on cold, and the other dog lay gasping, all out of breath, with half an ear chewed off by Dogear's teeth. He had whipped the three meanest dogs in the county with his bare fists, and from then on everyone called him Dogear.

Dogear never did anything ordinary the way most folks do. When he smoked he needed a dozen pipes. When he was drinking, a pint wasn't more than a tip, and a gallon was just a good beginning. And, as he said, "When I shows my back, I shows the scorpion on it! I'm a big man, and



Now Dagmar felt it coming on. Leaping up, he said,

"Bliss on, I love the Lord and I love Birdie May!"

BIRDIE MAY

I always do things in a big man's way."

Then he met Birdie May.

She and her man and paw moved on to the Graven Span place on Bone Creek, and everybody said the bad old the girl dished a mile and three-quarters.

Birdie May's hair was golden red yellow and hung to her waist like a dandel, and her teeth, every even, was as white as milkweed juice. Her skin was tanned to a ruddy-brown hue, and she was just about the prettiest girl son of us had ever seen. Then Dagmar saw her, and he went plumb wild.

Before he saw Birdie May he used to laugh at the fellows

that got married. He used to pitch his hat in the air, stick out his chest, and yell: "No gals ever gain' to git me!" But Birdie May sure took the sap out of him, and it was the talk of the country.

The first time he saw her in town he asked to take her home. Birdie May looked at him with soft eyes but shook her head, smiling sweetly at him all the time.

"I know you're too powerful and mean, Dagmar," she said. "You've got a bad name and my pappy won't let me go with you. Why don't you try to change your ways?"

Dagmar shook his head back and forth and went home muttering to himself. He couldn't get used to her on account of the way she smiled at him. Her smile was as bright as the morning sun on a creek.

A few days later he met her on the road as she was coming from Tom Wilson's store. He pulled his horse up in front of her mule. "What about waitin' on you, Miss Birdie May?" he murmured.

Birdie May pulled the reins on the mule and tossed that yellow hair of hers and smiled until the dimples showed. "What's that in the jug strapped to your saddle, Dagmar?" she asked sweetly.

"Ah, shucks, Miss Birdie May, it's just a jug of white rum."

She kept smiling at him, and then she looked away, and said reproachfully: "Then I heard right, and you're a drinking and a smoking and a chewing tobacco man, Dagmar. I don't spunk that kind of a fellow."

"I'll quit my cane if you'll let me wait on you, Miss Birdie May," Dagmar said earnestly.

Birdie May slapped her mule with her riding switch. "You do that, and then come around to see me."

Dagmar watched her until she was out of sight around a bend in the road. He swallowed hard. Puffy as a pet rooster, he said to himself: but could hard to please.

Dagmar always bragged that he could out-drink anybody. He'd got a gallon jug of corn squeamings from Ed Godfrey's stillhouse, take it home to the spring below his house where he kept a tin cup handy. There were lots of mint growing around the spring, and he would crush the leaves and put them in a cup before he filled it with liquor. Then he kept drinking until the whole gallon was gone.

He'd been known to drink three gallons of cane without stopping and still be able to go out in the fields next day and do the work of three ordinary men. He had no own stomach and everybody had to administer.

But from the day he met Birdie May in the road, he didn't touch a drop of liquor, and one Sunday evening after church she gave him his special smile, and said: "Dagmar, I've heard you're doing fine, and I'm proud of you."

"Then may I walk you home, Miss Birdie May?" he asked. She told him yes.

That was his first date with Birdie May, but her paw and mare followed so close and watched him so sharp that he couldn't think of a thing to say. He had only a vague sense with her when she lingered after her parents had gone to the house.

"Can I walk you home next Sunday night?" he asked.

"Why, Dagmar, I don't rightly know for sure. I notice you chew tobacco a terrible lot, and I just can't go around with a man that's got such an awful habit."

Dagmar said loudly: "I'll do anything you want me to, Birdie May. Anything at all."

"That's wonderful, Dagmar," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "You're so strong and handsome and powerful I'm plumb crazy for you, but I can't go with no man that

(Continued on page 66)

pathological aggression

Only two seconds stood between the author and \$1000, but that can be forever in a cockfight

by Edward Jerome Vogeler

Of the four cocks I was conditioning for the last derby of the 1978 cocking season, three were overweights. They would do everything you asked them and practically get themselves into shape. If you tossed a handful of wheat, oats or barley into a four-by-six scratch pen, scattering the grain in deep straw, they would kick that straw around all day until they found every grain, and each time one wanted a sip of water he would fly six feet to the perch where I kept his watering can and then flap his wings and crow before he drank. This was the best possible exercise for legs and wings as it burned away gut fat until there was nothing left but bone and muscle and the cocks felt like rocks in your hands, which is the goal of every cock fighter getting ready for a meeting. But my fourth "acc" was a mean, mean-fighting, mean-looking which wouldn't do anything except fight.

Gamcocks are like people—no two are exactly alike. They have different dispositions and different tastes. Some will try to bite off your arm when you catch them while others will cower happily and rest as quietly as house chicks; some are so highly strung that they will work themselves to skin and bones in their scratch pens while others are so lazy and piling-mani that they will refuse to eat unless their meals are presented in a cup, but will then gorge themselves until they become lousy and fat. But there is one trait they possess in common, every gamcock, if he is truly a gamcock, would rather fight than eat.

In the case of my fourth acc, there is no question about his being a gamcock. He was a straight Nugget (Ed. note: This is a true breed of gamcock, not a cross invented with the magazine in mind. For further explanation, see page 79.), a strain of fighting fowl bred pure for several decades and on this his got over a pure Nugget quit, however tough the going. But this bundle of feathered fury was the product of a brother-and-sister mating, as clearly inferred that he was practically a replica of his father, who, although a seven-time winner, was one of the meanest-tempered mean-fighting chicken roosters that ever lived. When I finally purchased this older bird and let him see a farm to while away the remainder of his days in what I believed to be peaceful surroundings, he wasn't satisfied with killing two guineas, one drake and three of the farmer's barnyard roosters, but he had to go way out of his weight class by tackling a twenty-pound gander which finally succeeded in clubbing him to death with its powerful wings.



My fourth son had inherited all of this love of battle. I remember the day he was hatched, the only male of a clutch of six out of a setting of fifteen eggs. But I have reason to remember even better the day I moved the hen and her three-week-old chicks from one pen to another. I can hardly expect anyone not acquainted with the incomprehensible nature of fighting fowl to believe it, but when I caught that fluffy little peep, so young that he hadn't even shed his baby down, he dug his little, soft and unfurled bill into the skin of my hand and clung with the tenacity of a bull pup. As an example of sheer, unfilled courage it was as impressive as would be the act of a human year-old baby in squaring off to do battle with a giant.

Cock-fighting provides the most popular modern method of matching and fighting gamecocks. For these, cock fightsmen bring to the meeting place a specified number of gamecocks (a derby entry may consist of from four to a dozen cocks). All of the cocks are weighed and the weights pooled and matched as closely as possible to the mean. The entry which wins the greatest number of battles wins the derby, and if two or more are tied for high, the contest is divided. In big derbies, most of which are held in the deep south, the entrance fee may be as much as a thousand dollars, so that if there are fifteen or twenty entries the boys will be shooting for pretty big money.

The race in which I had entered my four sons was a "cheap" derby, for which the entrance fee was only fifty dollars. However, this small fee had attracted no less than forty entrants so that the pool to be fought for amounted to two thousand dollars—not much in this day and age, but enough to keep the boys from losing interest.

There are those who will tell you that cock-fighting is the most exciting pasture on earth. I wouldn't know. But I can tell you that this ancient sport of the Egyptians, the East Indians, the British and Spanish royalty and our own early

settlers and statesmen (such as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Lincoln and Jackson) makes some other types fighting harmless by comparison. Because, pitted for pitted and ounce for ounce, there is no creature on earth that can fight with the deadly fury of a gamecock—was it there any so game. Unlike old soldiers who "never die—but just fade away," gamecocks die but never fade away. And only in death, or near it, does the dauntless spirit of a gamecock achieve its purest brilliance. It is a spirit which makes the most courageous of men feel humble, because he knows in his heart that neither he nor any other man can match it.

In a four-cock, forty entry derby, there are, of course, 150 cocks to be fought—which means no less than eighty battles, a period of featured warfare which may start at 2 or 2:30 p.m., and arrive at a conclusion ten or eleven hours later. But instead of diminishing, as the fights progress, the excitement increases with each battle as those who are winning increase their bets with the hopes of winning more and those who are losing increase their bets with the hopes of staging a comeback. The consequent din approaches hellish as clearly as any person, only slightly psychotic, cares to approach it. The only calm creatures are the diadems. They, of course, are only betting their lives during an age when the life of a chicken is of very small matter indeed. You cannot fail to be impressed by their complete indifference to the yelling, screaming, howling, scrambling mass of humanity around them. They rest docilely in their handlers' arms, giving no sign of agitation or fighting fury until their attention is directed to the opposing gamecock just before the fight begins. Odiously high-winged and nervous as are most highly-bred creatures, at the pit they understand that this is their hour to do no die and their nerves quit functioning in the face of excitement.

As I am a sixty-five-year-old slightly worn old party whose ticker has given warning on a few occasions that it is damn sick and tired of being abused, I usually enjoy the services of

Although not taken during the fight described in the article, these photos convey an idea of the speed and fury of battling gamecocks. This latter (bottom) is shown in that few moments.





a younger and more agile handler when I take an entry in a cocking derby, but in the case of my four sons I decided to work the birds myself—partly because there was no competent younger man available and partly because I entertained the opinion, possibly a delusion, that these chickens which had been conditioned by me would put out their best efforts for me. I know them and I felt they knew me; and this confidence seems to have been substantiated when my first three birds fought through to victory.

It was well towards dawn when the pit manager called on me to show my fourth son—the mean-tempered man-fighter—but excitement had kept me up. There were only two other entries which had won three straight, without a loss, and I was matched against one of these. The pot of \$2,000 was to be divided 50% for first money, 30% for second and 20% for third, so that if I won my deciding battle eliminating my opponent, and the third three-straight winner lost his, I would take undisputed first money of \$1,000. And if another cocker and I both won four straight, we would divide first and second money, a total of \$1,000—giving us each \$500 of the total. But if I lost this final battle, it would put me in a six-way tie for a division of the \$400 third money, which would mean me but a few dollars more than my entry fee. And as I was betting \$500 on the man-fighter to come through, the battle was certain to mean about \$1,000 to me.

The gamecock matched against me for the deciding battle was a Law Grey, one of a strain established by the late B. W. Law, perhaps the greatest cock-fighter of all time. Law made a million in the cock market and won and lost well over a million fighting cocks.

A year before his death, Law had presented me with one of his cocks. I knew they were good. I knew my Nugget had his work cut out for him, but I also knew that the Nugget boreed no matter his weight, or even ten times his weight. As we entered the pit, he dug his bill into my arm and tore off a bit of skin which he appeared to relish; then his throat and eye fell upon the Law Grey and he forgot his dislike of men.

"Put your cock!"

There is nothing personal in the attitude of a fighting cock towards another fighting cock. In effect he merely says, "Fight me, brother—and one of us will die! But you don't have to fight. Run away—and I won't even bother to chase you. I'll leave that to the boss man who will catch you by the foot and put your head on the chopping block, or put you in a small pen to be fattened with others of your spineless dauntless kind and liquidated at leisure."

Neither the Law Grey nor the Nugget knew what the word appointment meant. Stupid? Call it that. But each of these five-pound bundles of feathers, bone, muscle and boneless courage had inherited from a thousand generations of fighting ancestors a better instinctive knowledge of fighting, with weapons which nature provided, than that possessed by the best human fighter that ever lived.

These experts were in no hurry. They dropped at the command of the referee, they faced each other for a moment in the center of the pit, each making a show in the other's defense. Simultaneously they struck. They met three feet in the air, their wings and feet working like windmills, each moving by a fraction of an inch, by a fraction of a second, moves which might have meant instant death.

Parry and thrust, stab, strike, duck, dodge, singleness, shuffle, buckle and turn on the hip. Was there ever a guy who could describe the indescribable speed and fury of a cock fight? I doubt it.

From one side of the pit to the other these feathered warriors barred each other and from one side of the pit to the other we players followed them. Gamecocks use their feet to deliver blows and their wings to parry them and they can both do skillfully that at times, when evenly matched, they may fight for half an hour without either administering a truly killing stroke.

Two was now the case as, time and again the steel spur of one cock became "hung" in the wings of the other without mortal or even serious injury. Again and again we obeyed the referee's command to disengage and "put your cock" and so I lost over a hundred times to perform this function, my fatty belly began to feel as though it weighed a ton. The other cocker was a younger and more agile guy than I, but although he was as eager as I to win that G-money, he declined to take advantage of his greater speed. Once, when the left spur of my Nugget caught fast in the leather padding on the spur of his own right foot and for a moment he lay on the pit floor as helpless as if he had been strangled, the other pitier quickly picked him up and passed him to me—one of the jobs of the charging Law Grey. I can think of few spectacles other than cock-fighting who would make such a gesture of fair play, a gesture beyond the call of duty which might well cost them a G-money.

For fifteen minutes, my mean-tempered Nugget and that great Law Grey cock swapped punches, and although both were armed with weapons lethal enough to bring the end with a single stroke, neither had delivered a blow sufficiently disabling to be decisive. And now both were too exhausted to do further damage with their specialization.

Yet on and on they fought. Complete exhaustion is the greatest test of gameness of man or beast, and in the dog

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"Damn it, Harold, stop that monkeying around!"

a goodly number of walnuts

*The beautiful Princess was a bottomless well of sorrow
and Khefart won her with a mixture of gall and galls*

Dr. Nugent, anthropologist, neuroscientist, studied Inguan blue clay smoke with a satisfied sigh. "Fine dinner," he said. He pushed the cocktail cart in my direction. "Help yourself." The cart was loaded with bottles of cognac, champagne, and cordials. Also, in the center, stood an odd-shaped metallic bowl containing walnuts.

I poured brandy and pointed to the walnut bowl. "Peculiar looking thing, this." I picked it up. It was of some light metal, deeply etched with various designs. The bowl was shaped somewhat like a halved pear, narrow at one end and flaring out into a broad deep cup at the other.

"That bowl," Dr. Nugent said, "was the gift that won an empire for a man—and, along with it, the most fiery and passionate spurns in all the history of that empire—the Assyria-Babylonians, over eight hundred years or so B.C." Nugent pointed to some exquisite gold and blue tiles that adorned one wall of the room. "It's all inscribed in this, of which there are a few, from the walls of the house containing the sarcophagus of Queen Admash and her prince consort."

"The King, Shalmaneser IV," Nugent began, "was a very old man whose sole heir was his daughter, Admash. She was quite young, unusually tall for her race, with hair like the finest honey, fragrant, pale gold. Her features were like perfect personification, spirited, much-accorded—" I coughed and Nugent raised an eyebrow. "Quoting the glyphs, dear fellow," he said.

"Unfortunately for old Shalmaneser," Nugent continued, "Admash was afflicted with that curse that sometimes attends wealth, shadow power and raw beauty in a young girl—" Now it was his turn to cough. "I believe Valeria Montalvo, wife to Emperor Claudius, was similarly afflicted."

I nodded with complete understanding.

"Sisters for her hand came and went. They came from near and far. Admash, alive with love and desire. They crept away the next day, broken in body and spirit. By way of clarification," Nugent said wryly, "the custom was prevalent at those times of allowing the sister and her lady love to—well—"

"Preview?" I asked.

"Precisely," Nugent said. He poured another cognac, motioning for me to join him.

"He began to drowse on poor old Shalmaneser," Nugent went on. "That his daughter was—as the tiles put it—and most indecently, I'd say—a bottomless well of sorrow. He had a proclamation issued asking that the strongest men in the empire present themselves to his daughter."

"Here the practical nature of one man changed the entire picture," Nugent went on. "I refer to Khefart, a young keeper of the herds. A man who kept his own counsel, abstinent nature at its most primitive—and who solved Shalmaneser's difficulty by a direct approach to what for no doubt considered a simple problem, since Admash's trouble was a matter of common knowledge, if not talk."

"You say this Khefart was a shepherd; a commoner?" I asked.

"Yes," Nugent said. "And that was the hitch. These males, in order to present themselves to the Princess, had to bring a suitable offering. Naturally, this eliminated men of poor or humble birth since the gifts were expected to be sumptuous. Fortunately, none but the wealthy or noble would dare apply."

"Love found the way?" I said pedantically.

"A combination of gall and galls would be more like it," Nugent said, somewhat dryly. "Here I must digress. The costume of that day was, as even rare in those hot, arid countries, a simple toga, or haumasa, pulled about the shoulders and falling gracefully to the knees. But for strenuous exercise, wrestling matches and the like, such men carried a close, snug-fitting metal cap to protect his forehead."

"Supporters," I said. "Didn't know they wore that old."

"The male anatomy hasn't changed," the doctor smiled. "In those days, the supporter was an object of male pride. Every man had one. The thing was shaped to fit perfectly, and frequently was made of precious metals, even jeweled."

"Now picture the waiting hall before the Princess' private chambers. The group of sturdy rager males, all hoping the precious part of the empire would somehow be bestowed upon them. Each with his retinue of slaves, bearing quiver and gifts, fabulous silks, gems, spices, and cattle. And picture this dirty disreputable shepherd, Khefart. Thin, slumped, fawn-faced, smiling at the lords, bearing in his hand but one package, wrapped in sheepskin."

Nugent stood up and flung out a hand dramatically. "Imagine the dusty handmaiden going back and forth, bearing the treasure to the proud and ruthless princess, until, finally, they come to Khefart. He presents his package into their hands, telling them it is the true and personal possession of Khefart, who dares ask for the hand of the favor of the fair. Consider the reluctance of these animals as they take the shaggy sheepskin-covered offering and disappear within the bosoms of the queen of queens. And moments later, the lovely one herself emerging, nostrils dilated, breasts arched,



by William Sambrot

crying out, "Which of you is Khefart? Let him be known to me!"

"Moments afterward the handmaidens arrived, requesting the others to leave. Torches are brought in. Soft music, the splashing of scented fountains. Hiccup pass. The moon slips across the sky and falls into the ocean. The sky lightens. And finally, finally, the door opens and out comes the prisoner, dressed, eyes and lips heavy from a night of utter fulfillment."

Dr. Nugent concluded his story. "The choice had been made. Khefart, washed and perfumed, was announced to the chosen one of the harem: the princess of the empire. And she,

Adarrak, delicate smudges of palest purple under her eyes, languid, strangely quiet, held adoringly to his thorny arm. Needless to say, she had many sons, and the empire survived for many centuries."

"The girl," I said. "Am I correct in assuming—?"

"Shaped enough to fit," Nugent said. "Fostered as princess by Queen Adarrak, an object of awe and veneration, basted with her in the succubus, the rub of many myths."

He held up the large odd-shaped bowl. "It holds a grossly number of volumes, does it not?"

twin beds, separate rooms,

ONE BED

*Same wise and vehement opinion as
the fine art of sleeping together*

by Honoré de Balzac



If the most brilliant and handsome of husbands wishes to be misanthropic after a year's time, he will surely arrive at the desired result if he has the impudence to put two beds under the voluptuous dome of one alcove.

The device is brief, and here are the motives:

The first husband who invented twin beds must have been some ascetic who, fearing that in his sleep he might injure his wife's unborn child, hit upon this device to protect her.

Perhaps it was some young man, who, fearing his excessive tenderness and affection, found himself too near the edge of the bed and therefore in the imminent danger of falling out, or too near his charming spouse to let her have the proper rest.

But might it not have been some ambitious wife desiring to rule her husband?

Unknown author of this method, wherever you may be, in the Devil's name, I extend you greeting and brotherhood! You have been the cause of a great number of misfortunes. Your husband loses the stamp of all full-measures; it satisfies nothing and participates in the inconveniences of the two other measures without exceeding their benefits.

How can man, this supremely intelligent being, who has displayed

supernatural power, has employed his genius to design the mechanism of his existence, who has gone so far as to extract the treasures, perfumes, nap, the very souls, from Chinese boxes, Egyptian boxes, and Mexican gowns, who has cut crystal, carved silver, melted gold, painted clay, how is it that this king should let all his heavy work itself on a bed? What is the use of pondering the entire universe, an exemplar of our existence, of making laws, religions and moral systems, if the invention of an upholsterer (perhaps it was an upholsterer who invented twin beds?) robs our love of all its illusions, deposits it in its majestic cottage and only leaves its adorn and splendor? For that is the whole story of twin beds.

To appear either sublime or grotesque, this is the alternative to which they have reduced choice.

Toward midnight, a young wife screws and puts her hair in ringlets. If she not know whether her depression comes from a headache which is about to declare itself or if she is in one of those moods where everything lacks duct, but to watch her languidly doing her hair, to watch her slowly taking off her garter, it seems to me that she would rather drown herself than seek a much-needed rest. At that particular moment she is under some degree of the North Pole, somewhere in Spitzbergen or Greenland. Coldness and cold, she gets into her bed thinking of all the disagreeable things that a woman can think of. After a little while, to comfort the husband, having been out on business, he has taken a little punch and has become emancipated. He takes off his boots, drops his clothes on a chair, leaves his socks on the floor and his shirttail in front of the fireplace, and makes a few remarks to his better half which constitute sometimes the entire conversation at these torrid times when one's mind is half asleep. "So you are in bed! Goodness, how cold it is tonight! You are not very talkative, my dear! You are already curled up in your sheet! Sit up now! You are making believe that you are asleep!" These remarks are punctuated by yawns; and, after a number of little events which vary according to persons, our hero dives into his separate bed, which gives birth a head pain. But here, on the fantastical cloth that seems to spread before us as soon as we close our lids, appears the image of a pretty face, the outlines of well-shaped limbs, here are the graceful forms he has seen during the day. He is pained by insupportable desires, his glance at his wife. He sees a charming face framed by delicate embroidery, as dreamy as he is, he nevertheless distinguishes her eyes, half-hidden by long frills, divine outlines are revealed by the counterpane. "My pet!" . . . "I'm asleep, now and . . ." How will he be able to land in this frigid region? I will guard that you are young, handsome, clever, and attractive. How are you going to cross the channel with apartment Greenland from Italy? The space that lies between heaven and hell is not greater than the line which prevents your two beds from



making over; for your wife is cold and you are a prey to ardent desires. If there were nothing more than the technical action of crossing from one bed to the other, that movement alone places a husband in the most ridiculous position one can imagine.

Ah! to a cold woman how mad a man must appear when desire renders him alternately furious and tender, insolent and suppliant, as being as an epigram and as gentle as a madrigal. In the eyes of every woman, even his legitimate spouse, the more passionate a man is under such circumstances, the more grotesque he appears. Whether or not a woman yields, true love introduces into marriage something so abrupt, so obvious, that the chaste woman and the clearest husband cannot help becoming immodest.

Not to divine a woman's desires, to know when she is awake, to be in Siberia when she is in the tropics, these are only a few of the drawbacks of twin beds. What will not a passionate woman resort to when she finds out that her husband is a sound sleeper?

I am indebted to Duple for the following Italian anecdote: Roderico's palace was at one end of Milan and the Countess Peretti's was at the other end. One night Ludovico, determined to risk everything in order to gain for a second upon his beloved's countenance, entered as if by magic into his mistress' home. He reached the nuptial chamber. Elia Peretti, whose heart no doubt shared her lover's desire,

heard his footsteps and recognized them. Suddenly, through the walls, she beheld a passionate face. She left the conjugal couch, reached the threshold of the room, gave her lover one rapid glance, seized his hand and dragged him after her.

"But your husband will kill you!" he gasped.

"Perhaps."

But all this is nothing. Let us grant that a good many husbands are light sleepers. Let us grant that they do not know and that they are always aware of the degree of latitude of their wives! What is more, all the reasons we have adduced to condemn the use of twin beds will be allowed to have little weight. Even so, one last consideration should possess the balist.

In the position in which a husband finds himself, we have considered the bed as a means of defense. It is only here that he is able to find out whether his wife's love for him is growing or decreasing. It is the matrimonial barometer. Now, when you sleep in separate beds, you cannot know these things. You will never know the usefulness of the bed and how many secrets are involuntarily revealed there by a woman.

Therefore, you must never be fooled by the false husband of twin beds.

It is the safest, most perfidious and dangerous invention in the world. Shame and curses on its inventors!

II. Separate Rooms

In all Europe there are not one hundred husbands who possess enough of the science of marriage and of life to be able to live in a separate apartment away from their wives. To be able to put this position into execution is the last word of intellectual and virile power.

Two married people living in separate apartments have either divorced or found happiness. They either hate or worship one another. Only through this system can married people realize the dreams of an easy great soul.

As to the latter—it will soon make short work of their various inquiries, by telling them that the aim of the institution is to procure happiness for one woman. What man would deprive society of all the talents he thinks he possesses for the benefit of a woman? However, to render one's mate happy is one of the best titles to glory that can be produced in the Valley of Joseph, since the Scriptures tell us that Eve was not content with Paradise. She wanted to taste of forbidden fruit, the eternal symbol of adultery.

For there exists a peripatetic reason which prevents us from developing this brilliant theory. In the position in which we have supposed a married couple to be, the man impudent enough to sleep away from his wife would not be worthy of pity were some misfortune to befall him, for he would have called it down upon his head.

Therefore, let us sum up.

All men are not toughly enough to live in separate apartments, while every man can cope with the difficulties which arise from sleeping in one bed with his wife.

So we shall up to solve the difficulties that superficial minds might perceive in this last system.

III. One Bed

One December night, Frederick the Great, going upon the balcony where the stars shone clearly and brightly, announcing sharp cold, exclaimed: "This is weather that is going to give many a soldier to Prussia!"

Thus the king, in one brief sentence, expressed the greatest drawback which is to be found in the most substantial of married couples. It is permissible to both Napoleon and

Frederick to appreciate a woman by the number of illnesses she has brought into the world; but a tolerant husband should consider the manufacturing of a child only as a means of defense, and it rests with him whether to consider it wise to make use of it liberally.

In England the bedroom of a married couple is sacred. The man and wife alone have the privilege of entering it, and more than any help of quality makes her own bed, it is said. Of all the faults of our English neighbors, why is it that the only one we French have accused is the one whose delivery and recovery should appeal to all civilized souls on the Continent? Fine-looking women condemn the immorality with which strangers in France are allowed access to the sanctuary of marriage. As for ourselves, who have so energetically denounced the women who emphasize their pregnancy abroad, our opinion on the subject is firm. If we want backslashed to respect matrimony, married people should have some regard for the sanctity of bedchambers.

Our remarks on twin beds must have shown husbands that, in a sense, they are always expected to be on the same degree of temperature as their wives; now, it seems quite natural to us that this perfect harmony should be easy enough to establish under the white sheet that covers them with its protection; and this is always a very great advantage.

Indeed, nothing is easier than to testify at all times the degree of love and expansion to which a woman attains, when the one pillow serves as resting place for both heads.

Married couples a memorandum which shows clearly and without error the real total of sensuality men and women possess. The strange grammar is the palm of the hand.

The hand is effectively the organ which reveals secreted our sensual affections. It is the essential organ of touch. Now, this is the one sense which can explain the others most satisfactorily, but which they cannot very well explain. The hand alone has associated whatever man has invented up to the present time and has, so to speak, become active. The entire sum of our energy passes through the hand and it is noteworthy that great men usually have fine hands, the perfection of which is the distinctive characteristic of high callings. The hand transmits life; whenever it is laid it leaves magic traces, and it shares in half of the pleasure of love. The eye may disclose the state of the soul, but the hand discloses the secrets of both our bodies and our minds. The warmth and coolness it is susceptible of are imperceptible shades which escape the notice of thoughtless people, but a man can distinguish them, if he has ever studied the economy of sentiments and life. To stretch forth a hand to a man means to give him. It is the pledge of our every sentiment.

The greatest mistake that men can make is to believe that love does not reside in those elusive moments which, according to the fine expression of Racine, resemble in our lives the milk steams on walls; they appear momentary in the eye, but when gathered together they are but a handful.

Love is almost always made up of momentary. There is only one thing indispensable about a lover and that is kindness, grace, and delivery. To feel everything, to divine and anticipate everything; to reproduce without hurting; to put fiery into actions and not into words; to make oneself understood rather than to grasp quickly to touch without retracting; to put a caressing note in one's voice and glance; never to embarrass; to arouse without offending good taste; always to leave the heart, to appeal to the soul. . . . This is what women want, and they will gladly give up all the joys of all the nights of Marsala to live with a man who will lavish upon them these delights of which they are so fond and which cost a man nothing but a little effort. These lines contain the greatest part of the secrets of the nuptial bed.

I don't say no

Once known his bride was stubborn, but he did not expect her to dispute him on their wedding night

by **Alberto Moravia**

IN order to make you understand Adele's character, I wish simply to relate what happened on our wedding night. After the dinner at a restaurant in Trastevere, after the toasts, the poems, the good wishes, after embraces and tears on the part of my mother-in-law, we went off to my own house, which is above my ironmonger's shop in the Via dell'Armiata. We were married now, and we were both of us a little shy, and when we reached the bedroom, I began taking off my jacket and my shirt, and when I had pulled a chair, I said, more or less to break the ice: "They say a bridegroom's first night with his bride is like a first night at the



table."

Adele had taken off the new shoes that hurt her feet and was standing in front of the wardrobe looking-glass, gazing at herself. She answered at once, in a pleased sort of way, as though what I had said had quite dispelled her timidity.

"No, really, Glau," she said, "we were twelve . . . Ten guests and no two—that makes twelve."

Now it had happened that I had counted the people present at the restaurant so as to be correct in the giving of the money; and when I counted them I had seen that we were indeed thirteen, so that I had actually said to Ludovico, one of our marriage witnesses: "There are thirteen of us . . . I hope it won't bring us bad luck." I sat down on the edge of the bed and began pulling off my trousers, at the same time rapping sideways: "You're wrong . . . there were thirteen of us . . . I particularly noticed it, and I pointed it out to Ludovico, too."

Adele, at the moment, did not answer, because her head and half her body were stuffed up in the door she was pulling off. But the moment she was free of it, without giving herself time to draw breath, she said briskly: "You counted wrong . . . There were thirteen of us in the street—but then Men went away and there were only twelve."

I was in my drawers by this time, and, I don't know why, all of a sudden I got angry. "Get along with you, you and your twelve," I cried. "I tell you I counted the whole party."

"Well then," she said, going and putting her dress into the wardrobe, "it means that, when you counted there, you had a lot too much to drink . . . that's all there is to it."

"What if you mean—too much to drink? . . . I suppose I'll had a couple of glasses altogether, including the apéritifs . . ."

"Apothec," she said, "there were twelve of us . . . and you don't remember because you're drunk now and your memory deceives you."

"Who's drunk?—what if you mean? . . . There were thirteen of us."

"I tell you there were twelve."

"Thirteen."

"Twelve."

We were face to face now, in the middle of the room, I in my drawers and she in her petticoat. I caught hold of her by the arms and shouted right into her face: "Thirteen!" But then I suddenly changed my mind and murmured, as I tried to embrace her: "Thirteen or twelve—it doesn't matter . . . Give me a kiss."

But she falling back on to the bed and not refusing the kiss, whispered right between my lips, so to speak, just as they were meeting hers: "Yes, but there were twelve of us."

I jumped away from her into the middle of the room, and cried: "This is a bad beginning . . . You to my wife and you have to sleep . . . If I tell you there were thirteen of us, thirteen of us there were, and you're not to contradict."

"I'm your wife—or rather, I shall be . . . But there were twelve of us."

"Take that, then . . . There were thirteen of us." And thus the first day was given, and a good, tremendous day it was.

Adele, for a moment, appeared shocked; then she ran to the door, opened it, and shouted from the threshold: "There were twelve of us . . . And leave me alone . . . you disgust me."

Thus the disappointed. After a moment's abstinence I recovered myself, went to the door, called, knocked, implored: not a sound. The end of it was that I spent my wedding night all alone, dressed, half-dressed, on the bed; and

she, I suppose, did the same thing on the divan in the sitting room. Next day, by common agreement, we went to see her mother and asked her how many of us there had been. It turned out that there had really been fourteen of us, owing to two little boys who were so small that they had slipped down off their chairs and started playing under the table. When I had made my count, one of them was still sitting at the table; by the time Adele had counted, they had both vanished. So we were both of us right; but Adele, as a wife, was wrong.

There were countless occasions, after that first time, upon which Adele displayed this suspicious side of her character. She had a knack for arguing about every trifle; if I said white she said black, and she never gave in, never admitted she was in the wrong. If I started describing those occasions, there would be no end to it; so, for example, the time when she maintained for a whole day that she had never received her housekeeping money, and then, after she had argued about it for twenty-four hours, there the money was, on the sill of the little window in the lavatory, taking the fresh air like a rose in a glass. Or when she insisted that Alessandro, the barman at the café opposite, had four children, whereas I knew perfectly well that he had only three; and so we went on arguing for a whole week, because the barman was away; and then he came back and we discovered that he had had three children when the discussion began, and four now, because one had been born in the meantime. It was all nonsense, of course, and, as always happens in these matters, sometimes I was right and sometimes she was right; but when I tried in vain to make her understand what was being right was of no importance, but that her line of arguing over every trifle would end by ruining everything.

Through this continual arguing, our relation was naturally and as soon as I said something even of the most insignificant kind, as for example: "It's a sunny day today," I could already feel myself getting angry at the very idea that the night contractor me; and I would look at her, and indeed, sure enough, she would say without hesitation: "Oh, no, Glau, there's no sun today . . . It's all cloudy." Then I would take my hat and rush out of the house, for if I stayed any longer I should have burst with rage.

One day about that time, as I was going along the Via Ripetta, I met Giulia, a girl whom I had counted shortly before I got to leave Adele. I had once grown tired of her, at that time, because she did not seem to me independent enough and whatever I said she agreed with me and never said I was wrong, even when a blind man could have seen how wrong I was. But, now that I had married an independent woman and was getting the full enjoyment of her, I regretted Giulia who was so sweet and so compliant, and I could have kicked myself for having preferred Adele. It gave me a great pleasure to meet her that morning, if only because of the difference between her character and Adele's; and so, while she tried to get away by saying she had to go to the market and do her shopping, I kept her talking, simply by the pleasure of seeing her agree with me in everything, and still retain her sweetness, and never once contradict me. Partly to put her to the test, I said: "Well, are you sure you counted me so badly? Have you realized that I was better than a good many other men? Tell me, who was it you didn't want me?" Now I knew perfectly well that this was not true; it had been I who had left her, and the reason I gave was that I did not like the women who were too docile. But I wanted to see what answer she would make to this quite fair and unjust accusation.

She, poor girl, hearing me speak like that, opened her

open very wide in surprise. Certainly, for one moment, she was tempted to reply that it was *I* who had deceived her. But then, instead, her character revealed itself. She said, in that sweet voice of hers: "Gina . . . there must have been a misunderstanding . . . Never, never should I have left you . . . I was in very bad of you."

You will notice that she did not accuse me of telling a lie, as Adele would certainly have done, she was trying to exculpate herself, but, to please me, was admitting that a little of the fault had perhaps been on her side. I gave a bitter laugh at the thought of the folly I had been guilty of in professing Adele; then, fumbling her cheek, I continued: "I know it was all my fault . . . Ah, there was no misunderstanding; it was all my fault . . . I said that without really meaning it . . . to see how you would answer." Then I fumbled her cheek again, making her blush with pleasure, and ran off. But before I turned the corner I looked round: she was still standing there, on the pavement, her shopping bag hanging from her arm, gazing at me in bewilderment.

It was the end of May when we went to the beach. We found the beach deserted, the sky was blue and the sea breeze dashing, but there was a wind blowing strongly at ground level, a stifling, dead-laden wind. The sea near the shore was nothing but waves, green and white waves riding on top of each other and dashing together; farther out, it was streaked with a blue that was almost black and flecked here and there with white crests. Adele said she wanted to go out in a boat, and I, although the sea was not in a kindly mood—in order not to refuse her and her selfish being told, invariably, that it was as smooth as oil—bought a boat and had it put into the water. I was in my swim suit, but Adele was fully dressed, and I—once again for fear of an argument—had not insisted on her undressing. The stevedores gave us a push, I grasped the oars and started rowing vigorously against the swimming waves. They were not big waves, and, as we came out beyond the surfbreaks, I rowed more gently; however I was very careful to meet the waves head-on because, if I turned sideways, there was likelihood that the boat, a mere nutshell, would capsize. Adele was sitting in the bow, going up and down with the waves; and all at once, as I looked at her and saw her fully dressed and remembered that I had not dared to advise her to take her clothes off, I felt angry and was seized with the desire to tell her I had not Gina. And so, as I rowed, I gave her an account of how I had wanted to put Gina's character to the test and of how she had not contradicted me.

Adele listened to me at the best way up and down with the waves, and finally said, calmly: "You're wrong. . . . The fault was entirely on her side. . . . It was she who left you."

I pulled strongly at the oars to encounter an exceptionally big wave and replied angrily: "Who told you that, I should like to know? . . . It was I who gave her to understand, one evening, that I did not feel I wanted her anymore . . . I even remember the place, on the Langueverre!"

There was a tone of malignancy in Adele's voice as, with her hair fluttering in the wind, she answered: "At least, you remember wrong . . . It was she who left you . . . She said that you have too quarrelsome a character, so indeed you have, and that she didn't feel she could live with you."

"But who told you that?"

"She told me herself . . . a few days afterwards."

"It wasn't true . . . She said that in order to hide her disappointments—the first and the grapes."

"It was she, Gina, don't be obstinate . . . and I had the confirmation of it from her mother."

"I tell you it's not true . . . It was I who left her."

"No, it wasn't."

I don't know what devil took possession of me at that moment. I would have preferred to be contradicted in anything else but that. I suppose my masculine pride also came into the question. Anyhow, I let go of the oars and jumped to my feet, crying: "It was I, I tell you . . . And that's enough; I don't want anymore arguing . . . If you say anything more, I'll hit you over the head with an oar."

"You just try it," she said. "That you're getting pretty angry, and that means you're in the wrong . . . You know it was she who left you."

"No, it was I who left her."

I was standing in the middle of the boat, now, and shouting—partly in order to make myself heard above the noise of the waves. The boat was heaving up and down, with oars abandoned, and, without my noticing it, had worked itself sideways. Adele, I remember, also jumped to her feet suddenly and shouted "It was she" right into my face, putting up her hands to her mouth to keep a sort of megaphone. At the same moment a massive wall of water, green as glass, white-crowned, rose above us and, breaking right into the boat, overwhelmed us. I myself was thrown overboard, thinking, at the same time, that, by a stroke of luck, the boat had not overturned. I immediately sank, dragged down, first downward, by the swirling water. I went right down, swallowed water, and then came up to the surface again, fighting against the current and calling to Adele. But, as I looked round, I saw that the boat was already some distance away, that it was empty, and that there was no sign of Adele. I again called her name and started swimming towards the boat, without knowing what I was going to do. But with every wave the boat went a little farther away, and each time I called to Adele my mouth was filled with water, and all the time I was thinking that it was useless to go on pursuing the boat, seeing that Adele was no longer in it. Finally I gave it up and began swimming in a circle, searching the water for Adele. But Adele was not to be seen; the only things to be seen were the waves chasing each other towards the shore, and now my strength was beginning to fail. I was seized with the fear of drowning, and I started swimming towards the beach. Before long I reached bottom with my feet and, although I was still a long way from the shore, I stopped and began shouting, and soon, in fact, I saw a sail push off and come towards me. While it was coming, I looked round, searching the sea for any sign of Adele; but the sea was deserted as far as the eye could reach, except for the empty boat drifting not so near with its oars abandoned, and I began to weep, saying "Adele, Adele" over and over again, in a low voice, and if it myself, it seemed to me that the noise of the waves answered me: "It was she," as though the voice of the vanished Adele still hovered in the air and still contradicted me. Then the stevedores arrived with the raft and we searched for more than three hours, but Adele's body was never found, either that morning or during the days that followed.

And so I was left a widower. A year went by, and then I summoned up courage and went to see Gina. Her mother showed me into the dining-room, and, when she came in, I said to her: "Gina, I've come to ask you whether you will be my wife." She blushed with pleasure and answered in her gentle voice: "I don't say no . . . but I must talk to Mother about it." I was struck by that first remark of love, and then I remembered it again later, so as when: "I don't say no."

Well, we were married, and if you want to meet a truly harmonious couple, come and see us. Gina has always remained exactly as she was that morning when she gave me the answer: "I don't say no."



inside europe

with Rube Goldberg
and
Sam Boal

A comical visit to a few
of the Continent's highspots



PARIS I

Gaming Game of the Champs-Élysées

There is no certain way of telling "one of them" from other French girls except that they are different. However, many tourists find the gaming game a highlight of their travels. And indeed this pleasant fresh-air enterprise is mentally stimulating and healthful. Here are some clues to help the novice:

French girls who are housewives carry long loaves of bread.

French girls who wear glasses probably are not "one of them."

French girls who carry baskets of fish definitely are not "one of them."

As we said before, they are delicious. The French recognize this in one of their oldest sayings, "*Pois la Difference*."

PARIS II

The Mystery of the Left Bank—We have taken the following directly from our file, which contain many queries concerning the same matter.

Q. My friends all seem to prefer the Left Bank in Paris to the Right Bank, and I am afraid to ask them why for fear they will think I am naive. Can you help me?

A. The reason your friends prefer the Left Bank to the Right Bank is simple and should not make you feel naive.

SCANDINAVIA

American tourists are sometimes shy about eating unlighted food, the great international delight of Scandinavia. Enterprising restaurateurs, noting this trend, have commissioned Mr. Goldberg to adopt the beautiful butler to the American preference for stationary dining. Result: a Simplified Scandinavian Server.



FOUNTAINS OF ROME



ROMANTIC VENICE

There is little doubt that Venice (above) is the most romantic city in Europe. The music of Venice—the soft lapping of the canals, the gentle cries of birds, the tinkle of ice in Harry's Bar—mingles with the measure of loved sights. In a gondola discover how well Venice deserves its title—The Fagot Tunnel of Love in the World.



PICTURESQUE LUXEMBOURG

Train on train:
"What was that?"
Conductor:
"Luxembourg."



(Continued from page 75)

chews. I just couldn't leave no fellow that's got tobacco juice in his mouth."

Dogart asked wonderingly: "You mean you might kiss me, Miss Birdie May if I give up my chews?" He was so excited that he cranked nearly half a basket of wassaila wine in one hand. She backed away from him, clamping in the moonlight while the family closed the gate.

"Dogart, I don't know—but you could try and see."

He shook his head as he watched her go up the path to the house and that the same day later. After a minute he turned and walked down the moonlit road, singing about the cut up a persimmon tree.

Dogart was a remarkable tobacco chewer. After he had plowed corn all morning he used to cut his dinner, then come out of the house picking his teeth with a half-worn knife. Then he'd sit down on the roots of the maple shade tree and lap a hand of dark leaf tobacco beside him. During his dinner rest he kept putting a leaf of tobacco in his mouth and chewing and spitting, until by the time he started back to the field he'd be chewing on the white hand of tobacco. He'd chew all afternoon, and at night he'd start over again.

Before he'd be always drunk half a gallon of spring water through clenched teeth, the tobacco still in his mouth. During the night he'd swallow the chews and claimed they helped him sleep. "I can out-chew a tobacco worm," he'd say, and that was the truth.

But Dogart quit his tobacco chewing just as he had his drinking, all for the love of Birdie May. Everyone said Dogart surely had will power, and Birdie May was surely making a refined man of him.

"I've quit drinkin' hard liquor, and quit chewin' tobacco, Miss Birdie May, honey," he pleaded with her one Sunday afternoon when they were walking in the peach and apple orchard below her house. "Don't you think you maybe could marry me now?"

She said: "Dogart, you're a mighty sweet man to do all that for me," and she pressed his arm tenderly. "But I do wish you'd give up that awful smoking, too. I read in a school book once that smoking is mighty bad for the health."

He couldn't help groaning a little when he thought of the comfort in a liquor jug, and the comfort in a hand of tobacco he had already given up for the love of Birdie May. But the sight of her golden hair and her dimpling smile was like an April morning, so he clenched his jaws and thrust out his chest. "If I quit my pipe smokin', Miss Birdie May, will you marry me then?"

"Why, Dogart, honey, you do that, and then come around and we'll see."

Every single man in the county had his hat set for Birdie May, but nobody could wait on her anymore but Dogart while she was trying to break him of his "wicked" ways.

Now Dogart had always been a powerful smoker. During long winter nights when the wind howled around the eaves of his snug log house he would take down his set of twelve pipes from the firebraked mantel and lay them out in front of him.

Then he'd lay out a basket full of crumpled-up newspaper, kneaded hard tobacco and fill one pipe; light it with a splinter from a hickory log and puff in it until it got too hot to hold. Then he'd put it aside and go right down the line of pipes and he smoked them all before he went to bed.

It took Dogart a while now to quit his drinking and smoking and chewing, but finally he was pretty sure his love for Birdie May had triumphed over his evil ways, and he

asked her to marry him. But will she marry her best?

"You're a right powerful man, and a mighty sweet one," she told Dogart. "But I come from an religious folks, and I wouldn't want to be ashamed at you. I want you to go to the Big, Shady Creek Methodist Church at Two Forks and get religion, and after that I'll marry you."

Dogart resolved hard. This would be worse than giving up his liquor and giving up his chewing and giving up his bedtime smoke.

"I got no more sinful ways left," he complained gently to Birdie May. "I'd feel mighty foolish to whisk and butter in front of folks when I've give up my wickedness for you."

"I know you have, Dogart, honey, and I'm pased I'm going to marry a reformed, good man. But maybe you got some little sins no overlooked that needs shaking out. You get religion, and then we'll get a married date."

Well, Dogart struggled and wrestled with his wicked self, and on Sunday at the Methodist revival he answered the very first call. Birdie May followed him right to the preacher's bench and knee beside him, and although it took five hours of steady praying, Dogart finally came through—and he nearly ran up the church house. He gave a loud yell, leaped to his feet and threw his hands over his head.

"Shine on!" he shouted. "I love the Lord and I love Birdie May. Shine on!" Then he fell backward in the middle of the floor with a crash that was heard to the forks of the hollow.

A week later Dogart and Birdie May were married, and everybody turned out for the wedding. There was a big meal at Birdie May's place, and a square dance after that.

Dogart was happier than he'd been in all his life, and he tried not to think what extra comfort he might be having from a tip of some squawping or a hand of tobacco. Then he forgot about it altogether as Birdie May shyly took his arm and said it was time he took her home.

He'd spent three days slicking up his place and buying some new tin pans and another cup and plate, and Birdie May loved it all.

After she'd run around looking happily at everything she used to where he was sitting and clanked spang up in his lap. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Dogart?" she asked. "I'm all yours now, and you can kiss me and everything is as good as you please."

Dogart kissed her, and he was so thrilled he figured he wasn't going to mind too much giving up his comforts for the love of Birdie May. Then he heard her tell him softly:

"Dogart, wouldn't you like to bring down those nice pipes of yours and have a smoke?"

Dogart looked at her with his eyes popping out. "Do you feel bad, Birdie May, honey?" he asked anxiously. "Was the wedding too much for you?"

"No," Birdie May said. "While I'm getting ready for bed, would you like to fresh in some corn squawping for yourself, Dogart, honey? You've give up your comforts long enough."

Dogart lifted her gently off his lap and stowed into her eyes that she wasn't content at all.

"Now and Mary is religious folks," Birdie May explained. "I always dreamed of seeing my man set in front of his fire with his own comforts—but I had to make you not reform, or they'd never allowed me to marry up with you—but I loved you, Dogart, honey, just as you was that very first time we met."

GO WASH!*



IF that man has not, at least once, recommended: "Next to a good wife, a good bath is the greatest joy of the home!" How many, however, know that seven-eighths of the world's crime, alcoholism, embitterment, fright and despair is to be found in one group alone—The Great Unwashed! All because of skin that can't breathe, skin clogged by its own secretions and by the despoilments of the outside. If you are among this group and have been told, "To get ahead—study and read," pay no heed. To first get ahead—wash! Bathing is the basis of the good.

*U.S. Marine, c. 1945 (in Johns, loc. 7)

(*Side note: The body art accompanying this photo was excerpted from the pre-War World pamphlet of identical companies, who, in their efforts to sell their limited everything from direct to domestic on the Great Unwashed.)*



WOODEN TUB, U.S.



"BAT" TUB, U.S.



MODERN MARBLE TUB



ITALIAN, 17TH CENTURY



EARLY AMERICAN



19TH CENTURY TUB

Movies have always capitalized on bathing scenes. A shot from "The Secret of Rome."



From the same film, a scene of a wealthy Roman family bathing, attended by slaves.



Pauline Goddard is not one of many actresses who found roles like sponge on the ladder to stardom.

historical hygienery

The bathing nations have been the conquering nations. The legions whose eagles flew over Asia, the philosophers who formulated the workings of the soul, the men who moulded law, the poets, the orators, were nourished on what? Water! The Bath! "But look what happened to the Roman Empire," you say. Indeed, it wasn't the bath but heterosexual bathing that slipped the rule of soap under the Roman Empire. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" and thus it is bathing which marks the progress of our spirits toward colonial harmony. It was with the Egyptians some 3,500 years ago that we first find traces of bathing and evidence of the tub. And carved upon a sacred temple of the Chinese, dating back to 1200 B.C., there is this age-old comment: "Wash done with dirty hands is worthless." The road to cleanliness has not been a smooth one. In fact, the Dark Ages were rated as much for their foul odors as for their unenlightenment. The Crusades helped cleanse the soul but in their hurry left the body to its own devices (consequently, both died up in a noxious trail of putrefaction.) Bathing in general was stricken from the pulpit. With the stroke of our bodies to shroud our souls our progress was indeed slow.

It is Benjamin Franklin, statesman and diplomat, thinker, inventor, and lightning brawler, to whom we owe our thanks for first popularizing the tub here in America. Mr. Franklin's favorite was the French slipper tub and he was noted for making use of this small but adequate vessel twice a week. The custom spread all over the country. Dolly Madison established the precedent in the White House. Now our nation of enlightenment is known throughout the world as the Bathing Nation.



Chaplin borrows an old Rhode custom: Bats tells cloaked and rules conventional clip of the bath water after.

From the Italian film, "Bath," a shot to prove cleanliness makes even more attractive to the male of the species.





WILD BATH



WILD BATH



WILD BATH



What is there about a shower that produces the reaction in us? This miss was head as well as voice to grope after high C.



For short hours of recreation, the simple tub is supreme. When bath, here, gets a dividend of pleasure from the rest.

the Pride of the Clean

What is this new sense that makes you gloat over your neighbor, as your blood is tingling from the plunge, your eyes clear, your cheeks glowing, while her blood, poor woman, and her eyes and cheeks are branded with stagnation?—'Tis the Pride of the Clean.

The hundreds of the running tubs, the laughter and energetic splashing, compared to the steady outcome of the old wash basin and an unintelligible "ugh," are the rewards of freedom of backslaps, clapped joints, and muscular depression. Masked has entered upon a new era. With soap and water now at our disposal, personal pride and civic consciousness will flow in as the dirt flows out.

But care must be taken not to catch pride and too little discretion make of the bath an instrument to produce irritation and mania. Hot baths, it is said, are sometimes efficacious in rapid and acute circulation, in cases of long-standing gouty affections, and in catarrhs of the bladder. One hundred lines of Malvern wine will revive tired muscles and may be reused many times. After the last bath dilutions will produce a drinkable beverage. But such baths are for the sickly and the use of wine, while intoxicating, may result in an unhealthy habit! So beware the temptations of the tub; be moderate in the handling of the skin. If your body feels like cold steel and your mind overflows with nervous thoughts, don't run to the pomelo peel, that deadly thing which chokes up the pores, "Go Wash."



Politeness is part of the ritual of bathing. These soapies accorded unobtrusive intruder.



DRAWING BY ORSON DORENBERG

The hunter had creased the plains of Africa for days without tracking down a lion. On his way back to camp, with just one round of ammunition in his rifle, he suddenly came face to face with a big lion. He threw his gun to his shoulder, fired, and missed. The lion crouched and leaped, but his spring carried him over the hunter's head. The hunter clucked to the safety of camp.

Next morning the hunter was giving himself some target practice to improve his aim when he heard a noise in the brush. Picking the bushes he saw in a small clearing the lion he had encountered the day before. The lion was practicing short jumps.

The landlord was questioning a prospective tenant. "We try to keep this a very quiet building," he said. "Do you have any children?"

"No."

"Musical instruments? A high ceiling?"

"No."

"Pret! A dog, cat, parrot? Anything like that?"

"No, but sometimes my fountain pen scratches like hell."

In come to New York the lady's car broke down in the midst of New Jersey at night. Spotting a light in the distance, she went forth and found herself at the porch of a rustic colony. While they had no phone, they didn't lack hospitality and invited her to spend the night.

Relating this experience to her friends a few days later, the lady told about the latter night morning bringing in "the most delightful breakfast stay I have ever seen."

"How did you know it was the best?" asked one of her auditors.

"Hoopy, it sure wasn't the maid."

There's a card making the rounds of the printing trade in New York that contains the following vital statistics:

Population of the U.S.	155,000,000
Those over 65	51,000,000
Left to do the work	104,000,000
Those under 21	54,000,000
Left to do the work	50,000,000
Government employees	25,000,000
Left to do	25,000,000
In the armed forces	5,000,000
Left to do	20,000,000
In state or city jobs	25,000,000
Left to do	4,000,000
In hospitals or asylums	3,000,000
Left to do	300,000
Radio who won't work	175,000
Left to do	25,000
In prison and jails	24,999
Left to do the work—you and me—and I'm getting tired.	

Ken Murray's favorite telegram joke is the one about the young man who was waiting in the reception room of his father's office when a Western Union boy delivered a wire. The same secretary banned the interview. "Mr. Naphthangee, a wire just arrived from your dear sweet old man. Shall I read it?"

"Go ahead."

"Am to Hallowen money from," the girl read. "Get five more from Queens two more from Queens State Wm. in a Hallowen money from . . ."

"Jeez," Mr. Naphthangee followed over the interview. "Leave the girl alone and let her read the wire."

First chorine: "So the check from your rich boyfriend bounced?"

Second chorine: "Yes, it sure had stamped beautiful feet."

The son away at college had been put on a strict allowance by his father but poker debts soon made it imperative that he get more money out of the old guy. Remembering an Irish song that was the father's pride and joy, the son wired home: **RELIABLE MAN HERE CAN TEACH REDDY TO TALK FOR 50 DOLLARS STOP ARE YOU INTERESTED?** It worked. Money and debt arrived soon. In a few weeks, however, the boy was again in debt. Crossing his fingers, he sent off another wire: **REDDY NOW TALKING STOP FOR ANOTHER THREE HUNDRED HE CAN LEARN TO READ.** Once again, the father came through. After this the boy stayed away from poker and out of debt. When he arrived home after exams, his father demanded to see Reddy at once. "Where is he? I want to hear him talk."

"Take it easy, Father, I have something to tell you about that dog."

"Speak up. Where is he?"

"A few days ago as we were getting ready to come home, I said to him, 'Soon we'll be seeing Father again, Reddy. Won't that be wonderful?' He was reading a paper and I was shaving. Reddy put down the paper and said, 'So we'll be seeing the old man again, eh? I wonder if he will take that easy blinde out to dinner three nights a week when he's supposed to be working.' Well, father, when I heard Reddy talk like that I was so shocked and angry I took my name and cut his throat."

After a long pause the father bowed forward. "Son, there's just one thing I want to know. Are you sure that son-of-a-bitch is dead?"

The Horn

(Continued from page 16)

only a woman, in the carcase of dissipation, can be, and beside her Edgar looked pale, delicate, even comically effeminate. She had always been strangely repelled of him, even when swarms of white roses had lodged at her elbows, pleading to fashion her bracelets, even when vast money had turned her life hectic and privileged; she had looked at him, even then, with a timid, essential respect, like a commoner with a sickly prince. She had sensed that he could not, and it always, just for an instant, blurred her picture of herself.

Now she was drinking heavily out of a silver-headed, leather-jacketed pitcher that, her eyes grown flushing and wet. The space lay on her thighs, subdued, with the natural humidity days often have before the entry of humans, and she poked and patted and ciced to him fondly, as if trying to lead him into a bewitched back.

Edgar finished his throat and gave it to Clara as the place, who never failed, far when the dreadful spurs of thirty-four upon him held no terror, but small instant effort, and then he slowly turned his back on her, a clumsy, somewhat wrong turn whitening his face as he muttered some sense with the drummer.

His absolute lack of recognition in these first moments was the sweet sign of Georgia that he was electrically aware of her movements there in the room, but something in him was indestructible, some merciless pride with which he chose to victimize himself. Only he could smash or break it. Some said, after all, that he had gotten her on the telephone baited the three only when, at the height of her glittering career, she had been created for "possession and glory"; other names went that love between them had been a stunted, hot-house pantomime, always lurking in the shadowy edges of situations—as spare and defined as Edgar himself; and certainly he had liberated a grow in her that had, ever since, run wild, even amuck, including her in a vision of life he only restricted for himself, an essential indulgence of which he had only indulged, with passion, for a brief season, and then unconsciously drifted away, leaving her stranded in it, gasping, her teeth.

She began to chatter with vicious affection when he took his seat into his mouth like a thumb and blew a wildly swep—trapped into the chatter as in everything else, because his placid, punishing indifference (not only to her but to all the real world) was yet another symbol of some invaluable superiority. Her mouth, as it marked and quivered, was the all the stunted young man like Wilkins, who, years before, had thrust after her like an idiot, to them, miserably, cruelly animal, as though she were about to fuse from some marbled and exhilarating thought. Not only her mouth had learned the tricks of contempt, hardness, and sophistication. Her eyes glowed steadily with something else, and as Wilkins looked at her, in these first moments that seemed supercharged with tension and thus monstrously long, he saw (as this morning he seemed fated to see everything that had been under his nose for years) the nature of that something else; saw that her long, deeply and had started to wrinkle; saw she had expensive powder in her armpits where there should have been soft, dark hair; saw some sweat not in her; and knew there was a few men where there had been none before, a flaw developed by a life that had carved a black cross on her forehead; and then around the woman in her flesh again, now gone slightly male, and remembered that same and over the dog had taken it.

Edgar chose this moment to blow sweet, as a final pas-

sionary mockery of the acquiescence of sentiment others might be looking on that situation. His sound was disarmingly fierce, in earnest; but meant to prove, by some almost private irony, that he was, if so he chose, a timeless man. And at that moment, just as Georgia's eyes drifted across him to something else, the telephone, hanging limp against one thigh, stirred and came up, and there was (for just that second) a corresponding air of vigil in his mind; and then he fell back into the rapid, thin flow, his horn descending, as if to say (and Wilkins heard) that he would be a slave to nothing; not even the gods inside him. His obsession (and all men are dominated by something) was his last secret, the note he carefully never blew.

To Wilkins (for this moment, paralyzed, turned outward, will-less), Edgar seemed a mask over a mask; all enclosed in an armored soul. Some said, he knew, that Georgia had once stripped the masks away, one by one, with an intent his desire, and had a hint of the inside, and been driven warden out of helplessness. The secret must have been (as it most always is) that his need was forbidden, general; a need which persists only because no satisfaction could ever be fashioned for it; an insurmountable thing; in a woman, a thing forever mysterious and infuriating to her; but something peculiarly male, the final emblem of imperfection, impotence; but with a terrifying power to wound at roots, the Jeremiah-like power of a lay at consciousness.

So they were alone in all that room, shadowily linked together and alone, and yet steadily refusing to notice each other, and Wilkins knew that Edgar would blow all right if necessary, burst a lung, dangle himself to ultimate hell—and not because he cared, not for her; but because of himself. Already somebody was thinking about how he could possibly describe it to the "cats in his group" the next night. "Blas, it was positively the power" would prove far too thin, and by the time word of it reached L.A., R.C., Chicago, it would be a kind of underground history, one of those nights that, passed from month to month, year upon year, become, in the alchemy of gossip, fabulism and Hamlet.



Cleo, alone of everyone, refused to be drawn into the drama of their wills, but looked from Edgar to Gertrude, not casually or with suspicion as the others were, but with an expression of trembling, closed-eyed awe, his little hands automatically making the sad chords on which Edgar was shaping his harmonies of sadness, his lips saying softly over and over again: "Oh, man, what for. Oh, man, why. Oh, man, no!" Edgar only wiped a phlegm across the words and wiggled his lips.

Walden, too, was struck dumb, all eyes, somehow horrified, for now Gertrude's mouth was capped with straining visibility around the neck of the flask, the spatial staring up at her with baffled, shut eyes. From Edgar watched this over his horn with a half-hidden, secretive smirk; and Walden, at that instant, suddenly thought of him as a Black Angel—something out of the sacred, rising night of his childhood where his mother had tried to remember the Bible her mother had once, long ago in a barny town, read to her; and gotten it all mixed and filled it in herself in a dawning, righteous whisper—all Satan carried a noise and Babylon was a place in midnight Georgia, and the fallen angels were Black Angels run wild through the country like the city-boys in the Cadillac, and even Jehovah wore a Klansman's sheet, and everyone was forever lost. Edgar was a Black Angel, and half the tag Walden had always heard in his music was right there, clear and unavoidable—the dark-half, the damned-half, the never-demon-half. Edgar was a Black Angel all right, and Walden suddenly knew; for like many people brought up on the Bible like a severe inmate, he often thought, without whying, about angels and devils. Not that he believed, that wasn't necessary, but sometimes when he played and stared up into a vast twilight as he so concentrated, he thought about some possible heaven, some decent kind of life—and groped blindly like any man.

If he had better understood himself and the irreconcilable ambiguity of men's aspirations, the uncomfortable thing he did then might not have stunned him so. But he did not understand, and knew little of the concept upon which men struggle to define their existence (although down in his heart waited a single note of music that he felt would shatter all discord into harmony), and so when he found himself suddenly beside Edgar, his horn slipped to its swing around his neck, and heard himself back into the profane chaos of "Out at Newark" that Edgar was blowing, he was filled with the same sense of twice that he had swept over him the first time, ten years ago, that he stood up before live, conscious drama and cut out a piece of himself. Only it was worse, because there was a complex protocol to "after-hours"; sometimes, sometimes, but accepted by even the most headstrong trio with the tipped-up, second-hand hair for which he did not even own a case—certain, in his feverish preoccupation with himself, that he had found the idea. There was a protocol and it did not constitute an unbridled intrusion from the watchers, no matter who. Even a man suddenly possessed by an undeniable impulse to blow was expected to wait his first and keep his head. On top of that, Walden (thought of among musicians as a "good, cool togeter," who was reliable, with sweet ideas, and a feel for all fits, but one who had not yet found his way) was protruding upon Edgar Pool, viewed from a distance by everyone who came late and blew none, whose wrist-watches were awarded the tolerance due to anyone condemned by caprice; and whose lonely sentence as "The Horn" was beyond challenge, a matter of sentimental history. What Walden did, then, was unusual of.

But he started the next twelve bars nevertheless, keeping a simple tiny line, Edgar, real still between those lips, gave



him a started, then shyly amused glance, telling Walden, all in a flash, that for the audacity and the rapidity of the move he would do him the honor of "cutting" him to pieces, but to that, born to horn. But the effort had shaken everyone about the room was frozen, speechless; and Walden knew he was, in effect saying to them: "I come from the protocol, the law," and further (and then he did not know, though it was the truth of what he felt): "What I know must be done care not be done within it." But thereby he was placing himself outside their mercy and their judgment, in a corner's-hand where he must go alone. Only Gertrude was not transfixed; a slow, quivering smile had curled her lips, and his fingers had left the trumpet's rack.

Edgar leaped back early, satirizing Walden's last idea, playing it three different ways, getting a laugh, born being usually out of one side of his mouth. The drama climaxed in perfectly no top of Cleo's remonstrative chord, and Walden started to swing one shoulder, playing over when it was his turn, knowing they would take only six bar breaks from then on, to tighten the time, and finally only four, when a man had to make himself clear and be concise; the last gambit where a challenged man could be the end.

Edgar slouched there beside him, as if playing with one hand jangling, hooking, spring him and only his body eyes were alive, and they were sharp, black points of irony and rage; not, somehow, at the ill-matched challenge, but at something else, a memory that made him old in the recalling. And Walden looked into those eyes, and blew a moving phrase that even another Edgar might have blown, and was, at last, within of the naive core of his heart, the uncomfortable belief that it wasn't he Edgar's way. He looked at Edgar, loving him even in all his usage, unerring, wondrous, hating not him but the dark side of that black angel and bringing light.

It got better, tighter, and Cleo, staring at Walden as at a handout man coming on a street corner, laid down solid, unswerving chords for both, that it might be his and just.

Walden looked at Edgar, counting now and glowingly intent, and blew four bars of ringing melody, so compelling that Edgar stumbled taking off, unable to remember himself (for "counting" was, after all, only the bodies-wrestling of his beyonded awareness, and the trick was getting your man all balance). And then Walden came back clear, and suddenly knew (in beyond doubt he almost faltered) that his was the warmer line, that this was what he had always meant; and so experienced a moment of irrepressible, barbarous joy.

The silence in the room came again, became music; was his music. The crowd awfully tilted the corner of their postures, acknowledging that "something was happening," and between phrases Walden could hear Gertrude crying sharply: "Blow! Blow!" but, looking to find her rocking back and forth, eyes narrowed now in bright wicks, could not tell at whom the cry, and did not, he realized,

consider himself her champion; but was only bringing light. Edgar was shuffling forward and blew four bars of a do-minant scale, and, for an instant, they were almost shoulder to shoulder, born to him in the terrible equality of art, pointing into each wild break (it left) the substance of their separated lives—every, profound American, both! For America, to only they knew it who had wandered like furtive Mississippi across its hollowed waters to the screaming distance, turned half-acre near, half-brim, barren, but awakened a grieving hunger in his heart thereby.

In Edgar's furious, wonderful blue ascended the secret: hours of every maniacal Catholic shoving down the highway with a wet-matted, giggling boy at the wheel, turning the American prairie into a graveyard of rutting chains; pale, the idiot-cries that filled the jails and madhouses and legislatures; some final dead-wall impact. And in Walden, on deputation had appeared, there was the equally crazy secret that can create a new, staggering notion of human life and drive men faintly mad before it through the cities, to plant an evangelist on every alienist Times Square; a visionary in any godless road-house, the impulse that makes counts and paces and bargain-drivers; that put up a town at the end of every lonely road, and then sent someone with toothy courtesy to see what was there.

This time Walden had the last choice in himself, having named it. By that name unspoken, proved, it was understood by everyone that he had "cut," and as Edgar stepped back—for though the victor might venture outside the law, the victim, having nothing left, must abide by it. And Edgar accepted. The crowd was on its feet when the drama signified by a final, ecstatic slam that it was over, Gaudin standing too, but in all the shouting and heated laughter there, she alone was motionless, grave.

Walden's moment of joy had gone off somehow, and he felt a chill of apprehension and an aching on Edgar, her hand extended vaguely as if to fight himself. But Edgar, unshaping his hair, half-turned from the scene, only glanced at him once—a withering, haunted look, a look he had probably never shown anyone before, and looked now at Walden, without notice, only as a sort of grimy tribute to his presence and his belief. It was by Walden's profile that bewildered stare about the eyes of another man, whose effort, even to punish himself out of pride, had been thwarted. It was a look which had a future, from which heavy, fatal consequences must proceed; and with it went a weak, human gaze, meant only to cover the white of anxiety, for Walden knew then that Edgar had humiliated himself, like a drunk who stuns, in the single, focused moment of hangover, the twitching, blinding pain of his own face, the shadow across his eyes—knowing all along that the honor will not fight down the throat, knowing then that he is damned.

At that, Edgar turned, leaving his bare abandoned throat, and limped away, passing only at Gaudin, not to touch her, but only to peer at her for an instant, mutter something almost without moving those strong lips, and disappeared into the crowd, making for the exit. Walden's head still lay, half-upraised, on the air, and he felt, for the first waking time, the impact of tempering, for whatever the reason, with another man's touch with him.

Then Clara was at his elbow, staring past him after Edgar, eyes moist with tears, very choked with shock as he exclaimed in an undertone: "Catch him before he dies! Catch him!" And he, too, ran away through the milling crowd, well on the side of sweetness, knowing where it lay, looking neither to right nor left.

So Walden stood there alone in the light, isolated in his achievement, and by it, breathless and transformed, the way

a man made who has, on an impulse coming up from his throat in his mind, really shoved his life off in a moment, and who then looked up, stunned, to discover himself in a new mental position to everything around him. And in that dazzling isolation, only Gaudin approached him, coming to close his fingers around thickly through his hand, and he saw that she was exhausted, sobbing, and somehow resigned. For just a second they were caught in an odd, impersonal affinity, and in that instant, she whispered: "Don't worry. Don't you worry now. You know what he said to me? He only said: 'The wounded good.' Just that. Don't you worry now, honey."

She gave him a kiss, was, forgiving half-smile just as her hands hurried up, one of them nuzzling the sleepy gaudin, and Walden knew, for all the smile and for all the words, that she was worried nevertheless, that she turned and glided away then, as though the two were going under; leaving him standing there by himself, while people he had known for years clustered and exclaimed around him as though he were a notorious stranger, and he held his head up manfully under their stares.

Sitting on his bed, it all came back with blinding clarity between gulps of coffee; all of a piece, all in an instant, unchanged by sleep. He got up, dithering with the necessity, to pour himself the second cup and realize, with dumb acceptance, that this was to be the first afternoon of his life.

He had brought the light all right, but the condition in a man's nature were not to be remedied by light alone. Edgar had died in disgust and despair at what it had revealed, had from the light because it was not for him anymore; had, open-eyed anyway, into the mark that had always stood around him. The light had only shown him an inevitable path. Walden was frozen, even now hours later, by the power one was had over another; it seemed something trusting in him, even though he could not disbelieve the dare impulse which had prodded him to stand up. But the consequences of an action were real, and he could not get the real of this particular one. He had taken a stand for once, and as he had discovered about his man, so he had, for once and all, damned himself to going his way.

Then he knew that sometime, perhaps in the cramped, second-hand chair of one of those clinics, all-but-forgotten road-houses of the mythical past, this awful moment of human commitment must have been pushed up to Edgar too, and, without thought or hesitations, he had leapt in, cutting his road alone, and blown, as himself, for the first time, and started down (for that was his unmovable direction) as he went up, started toward that moving and Walden by headily tipping the sources of himself, and biting his wound out. That was the only secret, and Walden wondered, with all the commitment of a new idea, what his end would be.

From now on, he realized as he stood before the bed, suddenly amazed by his carelessness, there would be dreams through the mornings when he alone slept in the busy world, and, when he awoke, all the vibrations and responsibilities of age and work. The association with sleep and discord had been forever broken. From now on he had to fight for his life and his vision like every man.

At that, the quiet loneliness of self-knowledge descended once him like a prophetic hint at the distant toward which all lives inevitably progress, and he remembered what Clara had said just that morning: "Catch him before he dies!"

And wondered if that was to be part of it too. But, putting the wondering aside for then, he set himself to dressing methodically. This was his first day in a strange, lawless country, and one part of it, anyway, was knowing that it could not be postponed any longer.

**notes
from the editor**

Vogler's Naggies

Concluding the column, it goes to the U.S. and almost no people. It has been estimated that there are anywhere from two to five million followers of the game, most of them in the South. They congregates in cars, then streams of to some extent and scattered ones, usually a lone, and spend the afternoon or evening having fun with the rules and substance of their favorite country. When we decided to run "Virtu-ological Aggression" (page 145), we intended to change the name Naggies, as a brand of *Quick*. Another Vogler advised against this, saying that he had shipped Naggies to Miami, Guatemala, Mexico, Puerto Rico, San Salvador, and Guam, as well as all parts of the U.S., where they had held their own against the world's largest competitors, and that substituting a fictitious name for the spin would add the piece of satirical and subliminal. Knowing that Vogler knows his way around golfcourses—he takes 'em, heeds 'em, with 'em, down 'em in couple of his decades are on page 145 he's 'em, and writes about 'em as 'em, we've his advice and left the Naggies in NUGGET.

Subscriptions

Due to circumstances beyond our control we are temporarily unable to accept subscriptions. We are expanding our distribution to dealers as you should have no difficulty finding NUGGET at your favorite newsstand. We very much appreciate the growing interest and good will that is reflected in the many letters we are receiving from readers.

Algeria on Beauty

Apparently an interview got Nelson Alger (author of "A War on the Cold Side"), a few writers' words, despite critical comments on the subject of beauty.

"Regarding the ugly or upholding the beautiful isn't my trade," Alger said. "Look at it this way. Would you rather have Liberace playing Alas Diggins or Lou Armstrong singing Alas in the Key? Who could deny that the conference of Zia Zia Gabor's features are much closer to perfection than Anna Margaret's? But who is the real beauty? When I hear (John Paul) Page her voice some perfectly perfect and it doesn't do a thing for me. But when Marlene Dietrich talking for my through the Marlene, in a voice that tells me that she is, in shades me like a wind. The face, the voice, the music that have true beauty belong to people too full of life to be afraid of making mistakes. When you sing it right, point it out, write it out, you sing it right, point it out, write it out."

A general of Algeria's (note in the column issue June page 26), a fragment from his lips and several new hands, will prove that he is not only a writer who writes as he thinks.

Algeria, incidentally, has a noteworthy Peter

from programs for young writers:

1. Never play cards with a man called "Two."
2. Never get on a plane called "Moon."
3. Never sleep too long in a short bed.
4. Never sleep with a woman whose first line are worse than your own.

Walls of the dead

After graduating from Yale, Bernard Wolfe, author of two books, will soon find if you're not a famous one usually don't like to hear about it, spend several years making up experiences, capital E. He taught psychology at a girl's school (Miss Marlowe), served as bodyguard to Tuesday in Mexico City (missile) got to the gap after World War the job, married around with the Marlowe Marlowe for a couple of years, edited newspapers, did scientific reporting, and spent three years as an assistant to Sherman Kelly Ross, during which he got to know Broadway better than most men know their wives. He began putting all this knowledge into a remarkable volume of books: "A Study of Race Relations in Popular American Culture," "Lovers," "The World of the West," "With Miss Marlowe," "Hypnotism Comes of Age," "With Raymond Chandler," and will be coming up this fall or winter with a strong new novel, "In Deep," half of which takes place under water. With many short stories and TV readings behind him, Wolfe is now turning more and more attention to one of the country's most promising writers and seems to be on the threshold of a brilliant career.



I had to write to tell you that the file you print and publish is not in the column. When a disgraced standard of minds you men must have to make other people's minds with your magazine.

I am aware of the fact that this letter will only be laughed at, but my digress at writing such much published compelled me to tell you what I think of you and your readers.

W. Lundy

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Thanks for a new, and I do mean different, too for my old pocket watch.

An enclosing pic of the watch I achieved by using your so called clock face.

Dr. A. Murray

Meane City, Iowa



**letters
from the readers**

On page 21 of the May issue of your magazine—Sara Nevada, I like everything but... Counting the you on her left face I get what she means. Her face looks like she was to me.

Charles Case
Stoughton, Michigan

As much as I hate to write letters I couldn't resist the urge to compliment you on such a magnificent magazine.

I would also like to give you a piece of advice. Don't pay any attention to an old word like "Mrs. P.W." I'm pretty sure she doesn't think it is your magazine is the almost nude picture of the feminine body. I would like to say I'm sure that she had to display more than thighs, and breasts to change her former title "Mrs." to "Mrs."

James Greer
Bilham, The Bronx
and Shepherd Park,
U.S.S. Mount McKinley

The Anatomy Lesson is a great story and I assume it will be covered with the best of 1974.

William Thompson
Hollywood, California



Where's mother P.W. Why can't I get NUGGET delivered there every two months? Are you going there to call off the dog and only once? Are you sure on accounts you think some people like this Mrs. P.W. might make trouble? I'm not suggesting how you should handle P.W. That's your problem but Mrs. P.W. don't have the way you like the idea and I do so pay attention to me and listen to this other chick.

What I want to say is I like women and your magazine all in one breath and the only way I could be any happier is if I had more women and more of your magazine and then all had less on.

Ray with it.

Harold Worn
Hartford, Conn

I am loathe to agree with Matthew Ravello of New York. You are more stories of the Swamp Fever variety and greater detail in the photographs of the female form. Let's make some changes.

Sam Dantz
Flint, Mich.

A serious complaint concerns "The Mirror Game" in the May issue. You'd have a better magazine if you left that idea that out of it. We don't like to have our readers down our throat, you know. We like to fill in the details ourselves. Experts like yourselves would realize that non-creativity gets you nowhere—in literature or in dealing with women.

Sublette, Inc., sublette.

Dale Kanner
South Dakota

Happy Standing Up

(Continued from page 41)

dance in Anaheim could Indian wrestle pretty good," he said, proting his hand experimentally. "Nessa came up against a damn japsonee."

Being sat down on a sofa, "I can box pretty well too. I used to go around with a trainer in Brilliance's Gym."

"What's it with you, babe? What you expect to do for your money, toast marshmallows or something stinky like that?"

"That's where the whole misunderstanding at! I don't expect to do anything for my money! I can't expect any money!"

"Let's see—are I getting the picture? You put out for love? You're in some other line of work altogether?"

"I don't put out, or up, or down, or anything, for good-money sake. If you must know, I'm a virgin."

Bill flushed, as others might at the mention of a social disease. Was this a gag? Didn't figure—Inbelle would have to be in on it, and that pollock wouldn't have the nerve. Bill found himself getting interested. Virgin—it was a challenge. Must admit here figured he could handle it. Bill's mind brightened, he flushed a big I'm-with-you smile.

"Well," he said, "How's about a drink?"

"I'm not much of a drinker," she said, "but I'm a great admirer of your work, Mr. Jordan."

He started to mix two highballs at the bar. He knew what the build-up called for: a few manfully administered doses of the special drink called the Round Hoiler. The recipe for this inebriation drink came from a Hollywood leading man who had recently been given a suspended sentence for statutory rape. (The hotel apartment Bill was secretly occupying now belonged to that friend, who had no use for it because, by the terms of his probation, he couldn't cross the California state line.) There was to feed them the sweet talk, and in between all the flirt and chat, slip them these midways—drinks loaded with three or four jiggers but never mixed, so the first sip would taste real harmful and by the time they were down near the bottom their taste buds were slugged.

"You are 'Ordeal in Santa Fe'?" he said cheerily. "There's talk about me getting an Oscar for it."

"It had a very human situation. The people were so real!" She downed half her drink. "Goodness, but I'm thirsty."

"You talk about the technical side of pictures very good. Ever thought about writing up scripts for a career?"

"Oh, heavens, no. I'm more at home on the acting end."

"Say—you're serious?"

"Well, yes. Of course, what I'm doing right now is mostly TV. You know, dramatic things on TV. But the movies are my real ambition. I want to do something serious. I admire your work so much because it's serious, you know."

"What were you thinking, I could land a job somewhere?" He took her empty glass and went to refill it.

"Oh, I hope you won't get the wrong idea about me, Mr. Jordan," she said. "Naturally, I jumped at the chance to meet you because your work just fascinates me."

He lifted his eye from the carpet. "Being," he said, "you're very nice looking. You're really put together. You would probably photograph fine, especially on the right side."

"Thank so!" she said. "Gosh."

"You got possibilities—you know something? There's a part in this new picture you could play just great, maybe. I could fix it up to have a test."

He took her glass and went to fill it again. She was still breathless and wide-eyed when he came back.

"You weren't just saying that about the test?" she said.

"To my way of thinking you show a lot of promise."

"If I thought you were serious."

"This is no level."

"I would give anything for a chance like that."

"I'll say that much, you got good features." His fingers ran down her cheek, followed the lines of her chin, adjoined to her neck. He leaned closer from his chair and put his other hand on her knee. "Clasp legs, too," he said professionally, raising her dress above her knees.

"They tell me I project real great on TV." She pulled her dress down.

"I can see how you would." He lifted the gown again.

"They say my walk is very unusual," she said, smoothing the dress back into place.

"Walking is the key to the whole thing." He took her glass and went to the bar again. When he came back he sank down on the sofa next to her. "Another point. It's a whole problem of how you show up in the close shots, say for instance it's a love scene. A lot of girls, there's no give or take at all." He put his arm around her and slid his hand down her back until it was cupped under her bosom.

"It's really a thing of arching your back so in the middle you're reaching out but on top and bottom you're backing away." She shifted her position, leaving his hand curving air.

"Trick is to keep the muscles loose," he said, putting his hand over her left breast. "Not to be fighting it all the time."

"One thing bothered me so 'Ordeal.' She turned around him until his hand slipped away to her shoulder. "About the gambler's sister, I mean. She was too black in the love scenes. It looked like somebody took her spine away."

"You have to play it soft, but not flabby. I'll give you that." He dropped his hand to her left thigh.

"The way she kept trying to push you away, in that scene where she slapped your face. It didn't have any authority. She was such a lump, when she slapped you it wasn't in character at all." She moved her thigh away and stood up.

"With you," Bill said, "we could build up the muscle like right at the start. We could draw a scene where you're doing tap-dance with some cavalry officers from the Army post, give you some touches like a spitfire, a little on the military side, needing to be tamed." He stood up and put his arms around her shoulders, then lowered them until his hands rested on her haunches. "I think when you show a virgin is a kind of mystery, in blue jeans and wearing like a wildcat with young fellows, it's very exciting."

"When do you think you can arrange for the test? I'm so excited about it."

He thought hard; he was scheduled to take off for Park Stands tomorrow. "Sunday, maybe." He was staring down at her deep cleavage, half exposed by the low lines of the strapless gown. "I'd like to get a better picture of your build, though. If I could just get some film—"

"Right now," she said, backing off a step. "I'd love to show you some other tap-dance things. There's a way of doing a person in the back of the neck with a kind of rabbit punch except you use the edge of your hand, right where all the nerves come together, you get the exact spot and he's out like a light. I think it would be very dramatic to show a girl, somebody like this little monkey, knocking out a big heavy bully like that."

"I'll get you another drink," Bill said.

PATHOLOGICAL AGGRESSION

(Continued from page 56)

pit this dividing battle devolved into a test of sheer gameness. Flailing and mugging, their wings drooping, their feet dragging, their eyes half closed in utter weakness, these two champions, fighting creatures nevertheless charged infernally in the attack, but when they met in the center of the pit ran over their flaming spines could lift from the ground fast supported by legs whose muscles had spent their last bit of energy. Only by ineffectual pecking, accompanied by weak fluttering of wings could they continue to show that neither would consider the thought of surrender as long as he could breathe, and now my hopes of winning the derby mounted, as I saw that my Nugget appeared to be more eager than the Grey to carry on the feud.

Contrary to popular belief, victory in the cock pit is not always determined by the death of an adversary. Far more often the loser is counted out by the referee—much as a prize fighter is counted out in the ring. If, at any time and for any reason, one of the gamebirds fails to show interest and declines to fight, the handler of the opposing cock can call for a respite and the referee immediately counts ten, about as rapidly as your watch ticks off the seconds. The cocks are then handled, spangled and stroked, and again pitted face to face, and if either fails to show fight for three successive counts, the referee counts twenty, after which the more aggressive bird is declared the winner on a technical loss.

Again and again, first one cock and then the other would assault the count by pecking or feebly striking, but at long last the greater aggressiveness of my Nugget appeared about to pay off. The Law Grey was not only completely spent and exhausted—but he appeared to begin to be bored and willing to call everything off at the parallel lines which the referee drew in the center of the pit—as my other parallel. "To hell with it," seemed to be his attitude as, twice in succession my Nugget pecked at his weakish head without retaliation.

I now had two counts and it remained only for the referee to count twenty on the third and final count and if the Law Grey failed to peck or strike during the counting, the fight would go to my Nugget and the thousand dollars would go to me. It was not even necessary for my cock to make a head gesture and as I placed him on the wire for the final count I prayed for him to let well enough alone and rest quietly while his opponent was counted out. But that Nugget understood only one thing in this world and that was to keep on fighting as long as he could breathe or as long as there was anything to fight. Instead of being content with an armistice, which appeared to be all the Grey wanted, he pushed past his parallel line pursued the Grey past his and pecked and pecked away at the other's battle-weary head.

"—divers, sisters, brothers, citizens . . ." The referee counted on and still the Grey was content to move his weary head aside to avoid the persistent and annoying but ineffectual punishment. The referee had only to say "sisters, twenty," and the fight would be over. Two seconds were between us and that Gracie when suddenly the Grey appeared to lose patience with his tormentor, for he turned and struck back a terrible blow—but a blow which landed in exactly the right spot. The spur sliced directly into the heart. The Nugget dropped dead.

I told the fascinating tale to my son, a psychiatrist "It sounds to me," said the doctor, "like a case of pathological aggression."

"Which was simply an easier way of saying that that damn, mean-tempered Nugget took risk of mine was no game he was sure."

WOMEN AND ADULTS NOT ALLOWED

(Continued from page 55)

houses. The workmanship that had gone into the execution of their erotic postures well exemplified the difference between mere pornography and pornographic art; these attained a grace of expression that, if anything, emulated realism.

Most of them were single figures, though a few were groups. Among these was the "marble siren and goat of love education," a good deal bawdier in detail than *Momus* suggests.

In other cases were *homos* and *heteros* oil lamps fashioned in the phallic symbol. These were found mostly in the *Fiera Jovis*, a winding street in Pompeii which was a favorite haunt of the debauchees. Here the low-class courtesans held forth in their dingy, stall-like little rooms with an open door leading to the street. Each *Venus* of the Crossways, as they were called in Latin, had her name painted above her door, and at the side was one of these lamps, providing the only light on the street.

Rambling around the walls of both of the secret rooms was a series of *frezcos* and *mosaics*, each depicting an attitude of what my accompanying guard delicately referred to as the *marionette*. In plain words they showed the different positions of copulation. There were several dozen of them, some of them faint and faded after being buried for eighteen hundred years, the colors of others still bright and strong. I am not a student of early painting, and I have never been one to believe that the female nude, pornographic or otherwise, can be regarded without some reaction in the moral male nervous system, but looking at these I could also appreciate the fact that a very real talent had been involved.

Walking out from the walls, some of them of modest dimensions, others over a yard long, and all set at a realistic angle, were about a dozen street signs of banners of jay, exhibited there as frankly as barber poles are on the streets of our civilization. The size of the astonishingly faithful phallic symbols may have denoted the class of establishment it advertised, if large, it was expensive and for the upper classes; if small, it was cheap and perhaps served alone.

The establishments also had what amounts to our present-day sandwich menu, except that in place of two boards they were the most extraordinary buns ever devised by the human imagination. There were several of these enormous breads in the secret rooms, liberally infused with long, snake-like symbols, such a phallic head of *Minerva*. These were worn through the street by men who shouted the name, attributes, and prices to be found at the business houses hiring them.

Still a third method of advertising was delicately tinted smudges and frezcos picturing lusty romances, which were contrived in the secret walls of these busy corners.

The secret rooms now contain over three hundred erotic representations of Roman civilization, the large number of them from Pompeii, and to them are slowly being added others as the work of restoration, only partially completed, progresses. They show that Pompeii was the greatest city for casual pleasures of the flesh in the history of the world.

In relating the story of what I had seen to the impatient *Dignus*, I told her first of what had delighted me most. It isn't often that a work of art is exciting. In one of the rooms stands a beautifully carved sarcophagus made out of a single block of pure grey marble. Some old mason had it made to be buried in, and he must have had a good time in the grave. On its sides, fashioned separately, is a *barbarian* scene in bas-relief, showing lusty lancers and blooming nymphs, all gloriously drunk, chasing each other, with here and there a graphic *Capitain*, around and around the tomb forever.

PREVIEW OF A PLEASURE

Tall, fabulous-figured Bette Midler goes into a stretch before modeling for us lifts, linens, and lovely a series of photos as we have ever had the privilege of presenting. See them in the

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They had one half of a ball.  p. 8